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POEMS,

BY

EDWARD HIND.



LONDON :

HOULSTON AND STONEMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW

1853.

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1853

INTRODUCTION.

BY SPENCER T. HALL, "THE SHERWOOD FORESTER."

IT is almost as natural for some men to think in metaphor and write in rhyme, as it is for mankind in general to eat and drink. It often happens, too, that this propensity is associated with a most warm, susceptible, and impulsive soul, peculiarly alive to sympathy, and perpetually craving, but seldom in an adequate degree receiving it. Hence, a man thus constituted soon feels more isolated among the common crowd than in the wildest solitudes. He walks the human world as one not of it; and, disappointed of genial communion with his kind, extends his love to the aggregate beauties of creation, finding in every object there the embodiment or symbol of some glowing and exalted ideal. And as large-heartedness is not unfrequently the accompaniment of enthusiasm, in so much as such an one feels himself inducted to the inner meaning of things,—in proportion as he *feels the throbbing of a star* as well as *sees its brightness*, or rejoices in the sentiment as well as in the bloom of flowers, and learns by the emotions they awaken to interpret their analogues in the arcana of his own being,—the more intense becomes his desire to give

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others a share in all his ecstasies ; and he turns again towards society with their record in his hands—to be received or rejected according to the taste or humour of the times.

But in an age when three aspirants of every four can write very respectable verses—when pieces that half a century ago would have made a reputation will hardly obtain admittance into a common magazine—some good qualification, either in the character of a book or the history of its author, is demanded before a welcome can be freely given. Hence the occasional value of a word of introduction. Not that EDWARD HIND needs the patronage of this poor pen, even if the man who holds it felt no dislike of such pedantry ; yet, for once, a word, not in patronage, but in brotherly sympathy, may be a word in season, and help to a right appreciation of one of the most sensitive and unsophisticated sons of song our native country has produced. Would it were possible to add, also, one of the most fortunate ! But such at present is not the case.

It was in the spring of the passing year, and at the distance of a hundred miles or more from Nottingham, that a literary friend put into my hands a poem entitled “Prometheus Bound,” and asked if I were at all acquainted with its author—EDWARD HIND. Replying that I knew his name only through the local newspapers, and looking over the lines before me, I soon observed that, notwithstanding considerable hyperbole, and what the majority of readers would regard as great irregularity in the rhythm, they contained passages of wondrous power, and presented for the psychologist a study of remarkable interest. In truth, it was the very ecstasy of grief, uttered in some of the intensest language I had ever read ; and even the rhythmical irregularity alluded to was the result of a peculiar method which the author had adopted, of sometimes giving greater emphasis to a single thought, by allowing it to occupy the space of a whole line, without attenuating the verbiage to the wonted length. On the other hand, and for a converse reason, some of the lines (as also in

the following pages) were disproportionately long to the eye and ear—but had evidently their harmony in the author's mind. Making allowance for this mental idiosyncrasy, it was impossible to avoid becoming deeply interested in him. "Prometheus Bound" was a history of sufferings, not his own merely, however peculiar they might seem to him, but of thousands, who, lacking the power, the courage, or the opportunity for utterance, have

"Dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

In the present case, metaphorically speaking, cold water by one party, and oil by another, had been severally employed to quench the spirit's fires; but too strong for the former, they were aggravated by the latter, and thus at length broke forth in the "Life-Drama" I was reading, and which led to our correspondence, and ultimately to personal intimacy. Here, then, is one of the chief reasons why, during the poet's temporary retirement, for his health's sake, from scenes too saddened by misunderstanding and wrong, I have ventured to take this mediatory part between him and the public—gladly, if but with advantage to the one and satisfaction to the other.

According to WILLIAM H. WYLIE'S "Old and New Nottingham," EDWARD HIND was born in that town, on the 7th of November, 1817; and, while yet very young, published much, both of prose and verse, through the metropolitan and local journals. In 1848, he sent to the press a pamphlet entitled "Reason's Remonstrance," which was pronounced by PHILIP J. BAILEY "a very powerfully written appeal in favour of the greatest happiness principle." The warm-hearted, bright-thoughted author of "*Festus*" added, that it set forth "the evils of war, and the pure and holy fruits which spring from love and good-will towards men, with much force and beauty of expression." After this quotation, Mr. WYLIE proceeds:—"His local sketches abound in curious, out-of-the-way knowledge, acquired in his rambles round the borough. Though he has made some

flights in a higher sphere, as in his address to 'The Stars,' still he excels chiefly in transferring to his page the characteristics of the life and scenery by which he is surrounded, and he will be long remembered as a successful member of the Sherwood school. In one of his rambles by his favourite Trent, some years ago, Mr. HIND was the happy instrument of saving a young man from being drowned, though he accomplished the task only at the risk of his own life." Some passages of "Prometheus Bound" are then introduced, and one or two of them will, perhaps, not be out of place here. Speaking of his own boyhood, in the third person, he thus beautifully says :—

"In the soft sunshine of departed days,
I see him roaming o'er the gold-flowered fields,
Referring every thought to Deity!
Trained by the Hebrew bards, by Milton Addison,
Burns, Fenelon, Goldsmith, Shakspeare, Paley—all
Who've writ in stars upon the night of time.
His mind reflects the beauty of the earth,
And glory of the heavens, as a clear mirror
Reflects the face of morn.
He gazes hopefully on the years to come,
Anticipating happiness to be—
Radiant as love, and joy, and fame, and fortune.
Child of imagination! see him stand
With aspect open as a cloudless sky;
Heart full of youth, as is the rose of fragrance;
Thought lighting up his brain like summer sunshine;
Sending the music of his praise from earth,
As happy as the lark that sings in heaven."

Then we learn that he was

"Sent to pursuits, for which he was as fit
As Pascal for a prize-fight, Cowper for a crowd;
Life's beauty faded; health, its glory, went.
Sunless, moonless, starless grew his sky;
The brightness of his morn became a night
Of festering thoughts, and blistering strange sensations.
The chords of life 'gan playing discords, not
The harmonies they should;
And, in the darkness of despair, his soul
Wept fire, and none consoled him.
He felt the glory of his spring eclipsed;
He watched the beauty of his youth depart;
Starr'd with irradiant hopes as thick as heaven—
Fraught with all noblest aspirations—gentle as
The tears of summer, wept o'er sleeping flowers.

He felt health go—he felt his peace depart,
 Despite his tears, his efforts, and his prayers,
 Which shook his breast, as earthquakes shake the world.
 He could not stay them.
 Oh! this story
 Should utterance have—like Nature's thunder-throes,
 When, with volcanic voice, she speaks in groans,
 Affrighting nations,
 And writes her pangs in mountains on the world!"

I will not here quote further from the sad story thus indicated. Though printed, it has never been formally published; nor is it very desirable, perhaps, that it should be. And yet, as the remonstrance of Agony with Ignorance and Wantonness, in reference to a class of sorrows for which the world has too little sympathy, it might not be without its some time use—even to those who could be so hardened and reckless as recently to make it the very occasion of an additional infliction upon him from whose fevered heart and over-wrought brain it had emanated.*

A few words now, more especially, touching the poems in this volume. It will be obvious to every discriminating reader, that many of them need much allowance, as juvenile effusions, when taken in comparison with others that accompany them, some of which have passages not unworthy a GOLDSMITH or a CAMPBELL. Had circumstances been favourable, there can be no doubt that the whole collection might have benefited by a deliberate revision, and some pruning. Nor is the punctuation in every instance a facility to the author's meaning. But with all these drawbacks, or any others that hypercriticism may urge, there are scattered throughout such charms as will, I feel assured, touch many a soul, and secure some toleration for what might have been better done, or undone, with sincere admiration for much that few—perhaps no authors of the same school, have ever surpassed. And, in conclusion, let us hope, that, whilst the little volume obtains a wel-

* Rather, a thousand times rather, would I be its author, than embody the "spirit" that lately delighted in burlesquing him on the walls of his native town—a spirit which I trust is now "laid," no more to appear.

come, and some recompense for its publication, not only from the eight hundred good people who have so freely subscribed for copies, but from the country generally, the Author, restored to convalescence and happiness, may henceforth find himself the denizen of a more genial world, in which, without molestation or fear, he may realize the objects of his warmest, purest, and noblest aspirations: for of what is that mind not worthy that could, in youth, pen a passage like this, transcending far PORE's well-known application of the same figure:—

“ Ev'n as a stone, upon some water cast,
The circle makes, encircling all at last,
So the first impulse to which HOME gives birth
Expands and spreads till it encircles earth;
To caste, to creed, to country unconfined—
Like God's great heaven, encircling all mankind!”

OCTOBER 28TH, 1853.

P O E M S.



THE ENGLISH HOME.

HOME, happy home ! what words shall breathe the spells,
To English souls thy simple utterance tells !
Thou thornless garden in a thornful wild !
Thou Eden ! where on Love first Beauty smiled !
Thou Heart of life ! from which the affections flow ;
Worth all we seek to learn, or think we know !
Pulsating pleasure through the social frame,
Worth all its greatness, wisdom, wealth, and fame !
Where'er the restless soul of man may roam,
He must for happiness return to home !
Ev'n as the dove, sent forth at Noah's behest,
Back—back returned to find a place of rest,
So, ask of refuge ! from life's troubled sea,
The soul for pleasure must revert to thee !

To taste the peace thou can'st alone bestow,
Or else resign the hope of peace below !

Not on the highway does the violet grow,
But in the shade her modest beauties blow ;
And so the sweetest feelings of the mind,
The tenderest, dearest ! round our nature twined,
Withdrawn from public gaze, in private flower,
Reserve their beauty for affection's bower ;
Amid the storms that may disturb the isle,
While on the hearth the household virtues smile ;
These pledges of the happier days to be,
That fairer future, man shall surely see ;
Like stars of hope shall pilot through the brine,
Where stormless seas, and peaceful havens shine :
Beacon us safely to that distant shore,
Where life shall vainly sigh for love no more !

O that my heart could like an organ play !
In music sing, what words can ne'er pourtray !
The loves of parents, children, husband, wife,
All the ennobling charities of life !
The sweet domestic virtues circling round
The happy home, like saints on holy ground ;
All the home blessings by the All-blessor given,
To lead our erring hearts by love to heaven !

Home, happy home ! how shall my unhappy thought,
Describe the charms wherewith thy peace is fraught !

Display the amenities thy fireside cheer,
Pourtray the happiness now smiling there !
Thy own felicity can but disclose
The gracious blessings on thy hearth repose !
O light my soul with joys thine household cheer !
Expand my heart with love expanding there !
That worthily I may the temple sing,
Where woman reigns a queen, and man a king.

There the loved husband, and the cherished wife,
Exchange the smiles which are the life of life ;
There the young mother, crimsoning with joy,
Bends o'er her babe to bless her beauteous boy ;
There the kind father 'mid his children smiles,
Whose artless prattling all his care beguiles ;
There sons gaze on the matron's whitening hair,
And bless their mother with a secret prayer ;
Meeting their father with the filial gaze,
Requites the toiler for their happy days.
There the fair daughter, gentle as a dove,
Feels happy, pillowed on her parents' love ;
There, the aged grandsire, in his elbow chair,
Oft reads his bible, or his book of prayer ;
There his aged partner, too, her tales will tell,
That wile away a winter's evening well ;
Of times long past away she loves to speak,
While pleasure mantles on her ancient cheek,
As she recalls each well-remembered scene,
Where'er she's journeyed, or where'er she's been ;

The parks and halls her youthful eyes surveyed,
And lords and ladies long in darkness laid ;
There friendship circles round the social fire,
And adds a zest, to all its charms inspire ;
There love strikes softly love's melodious chords,
To drink, delighted, love's responding words ;
And sweetly warbles, wheresoe'er we be,
There is no place on earth like home for me !
Oh ! 'tis an orbit whose chaste span enspheres
The dearest feeling mortal life endears !
Yes ! temple of the heart ! from thee arise
The sweetest hymns that earth can send the skies !
The happiness of uncorrupted hearts
More happiness to heaven itself imparts !
Its incense riseth from life's radiant sod,
Man's noblest offering to his Author—God !
For oh ! what nobler tribute can be given
Than gratitude itself, to earth or heaven !
By God created for sublimest bliss,
God ! we attain it when we rise to this !
Our Father smiles to see us blest when we
Obey the laws of love He did decree.

However poor the home that fortune give,
'Tis rich enough if there affection live ;
However rich the palace grandeur pile,
'Tis poor indeed without affection's smile ;
The humblest man in lowliest station born,
Oft genius has the loftiest might adorn ;

Yet think not that poor man by fortune curst,
Whose noble mission's to exalt the worst !
Yet oh ! it is—it is divinely sweet,
When round the fireside all the graces meet !
When fortune and refinement both combine,
To make affection's temple, beauty's shrine ;
Whether it be a palace that may stand
Amidst the trees of an ancestral land,
Or quaint old manor house, looking o'er a dale,
Like Snenton manor house over Snenton vale ;
Or pretty parsonage, on some pleasant lea,
Delights the tired traveller but to see ;
Or comfortable farmer's happy home,
Where dwells Content, without a wish to roam ;
Or humble cottager's straw-roofed abode,
Whose whitewashed walls arise beside the road ;
Or merchant's mansion, glittering in the sun,
Above the waves from which his wealth is won ;
Or villa, by a Herbert's hand designed,
By wealth erected, and by taste combined,
Within whose sunny grounds the wanderer sees,
Poems writ on rocks, and pictures formed of trees ;
Or thrifty artizan's snug freehold, bought
By savings earned by anxious toil and thought ;
Or homesteads seated on Australia's strand,
Or regal halls of India's burning land,
Abodes o'er Afric's sultry fields that rise,
Or hamlet smiling 'neath New Zealand skies,
Or log-house nestling in Canadian woods,
Or crescent mirrored by Columbian floods,

Where'er thy freedom, glorious Alfred ! roam,
Where'er thy tongue proclaims the English home ;
No matter, differing though their outward frame,
The soul that burns within them is the same ;
The joy that brightens, and the peace which calms,
The love which blesses, and the mind that charms.
There Comfort spreads her carpets on the floor,
While Liberty stands sentry at the door,
Guarding the entrance with a noble pride,
Whose castle, walls the English fireside.
There conversation like a concert rolls,
And every utterance courtesy controls ;
Eager to please, but shrinking from offence,
Like brutes from manners, or like fools from sense ;
Refinement labouring there, till she has brought
The objective world to taste's subjective thought ;
Withdrawn from all the world's tumultuous throng,
There life is set to music, like a song.
The hearts which beat there, such as poets move,
The minds adorning, such as sages love ;
Oh yes ! it is indeed divinely sweet,
When round the fireside all the graces meet !
When wisdom, virtue, all their charms combine
To make affection's temple, beauty's shrine !

Oh woman ! angel of the heaven I sing,
Thou art the source from whom its pleasures spring !
Queen of the hearth ! thy throne and court are here,
Where thou art dearest, where all things are dear !

Sister ! and wife ! and mother ! without thee
Ev'n in a home the heart must homeless be !
For day to darkness turns when thou'rt away,
And at thy coming darkness turns to day !
But in thy smile man's happiness is born,
As blooms the spring-rose from the winter-thorn !
No utterance can thy loveliness rehearse,
Thou Kiss of virtue ! worth a universe !
Oh ! like the spring in flowers o'er nature flows,
Like summer's smile upon December-snows ;
Courage to cowards !—glory to the brave !—
Bliss to the free !—and freedom to the slave !
Love comes o'er life ! and woman smiles on man !
His life but death was till her life began !
Pulse of his heart ! and angel of his heaven !
The dearest blessing to his nature given :

If public life our reason now survey,
What a great tempest does the press display !
Yet, if we look beyond its threatening frown,
'Tis but the smoke arising from the town ;
For if we dive beneath its sombre foam,
We find the pearls of virtue safe at home.
The gloomy clouds so dark at first appear,
But mask the heaven serenely smiling there ;
As a thorn-hedge, around a garden placed
Conceals the flowers wherewith the garden's graced ;
And for one crime throughout the land displayed,
A hundred virtues blossom in the shade ;

Loving to work in silence, like the Power
To whom their secret prayers ascend this hour.
Oh ! whilst an English home on Britain stand,
Abides eternal hope on British land !
Without a home, upon life's surges tost,
The heart, without an anchorage, may be lost ;
Anchored on home, the spirit steadfast braves,
The leaping thunders and the sweeping waves.

Deem not, whoever may peruse these lines,
That home to home alone the heart confines ;
Don't this poor strain with that conclusion shelf,
That love of home is merely love of self ;
That minds absorbed in home's contracted span,
No generous feeling have to spare for man :
The ties of parents, children, husband, wife,
Expand the soul to all the life of life ;
Light up the spirit with a fire divine,
Till, like a star, it beams from home's pure shrine.
The generous virtues which at home appear,—
The constellations of that hallowed sphere,—
Fling their mild radiance over earth and sea,
Like the great beacons of eternity,
Beneath whose ray the reason of the wise,
Melts like a cloud in God's eternal skies !
The harshest spirits, and the hardest hearts,
Are those who never felt what home imparts,—
Orphans and outcasts ! on the world's rough wild,
Above whose cradle no dear mother smiled ;

For whom no gentle sister ever cared,
Whose boyhood, manhood, woman never cheered !
Their heart, a planet, left in night forlorn,
Without the sky, embraces earth with morn.
Such spirits, hardened by the loveless past,
Are fossilised in callousness at last ;
Hard as the rock, could only burst in tears,
Struck by the anguish of a nation's prayers !
The God whose dews upon the desert fall,
Can only back to life such death recall.
But those a tender mother taught to pray,
And love the love allures to virtue's way,
These home-bred spirits are the men we see,
With souls expansive as immensity ;
Happy themselves, all life they wish to bless,
And add to theirs all human happiness.
Yes ! in the happy home's baptised the mind,
With love for man, and love for all mankind ;
To piety and peace, in its calm bower,
The heart and soul of man divinely flower ;
Ev'n as a stone, upon some water cast,
The circle makes, encircling all at last,
So the first impulse to which home gives birth,
Expands and spreads till it embraces earth ;
To caste, to creed, to country unconfined,
Like God's great heaven, encircling all mankind !

THE GENIUS OF MAN.

REVISED AND REPEATED FROM THE "NEW YORK DAILY
TRIBUNE."

Long after the Deluge was past, and Babel's tower was piled,
I roamed a wanderer through the woods, a savage through
the wild ;

A mighty hunter, there I lived, upon the beasts I slew,
The chase was all I practised then, and war was all I knew.
A shepherd, ages afterwards, I watched my roving store,
Encamping with the patriarchs, on Syria's fertile shore.
A tiller of the ground become, I reared upon the soil
The corn that was to feast mankind, and drank the vine-
yard's spoil.

Expanding into empire slow, on spacious Asia's plain,
I reared the mighty cities then, whose ruins yet remain ;
A germ of deathless knowledge bore to Egypt's narrow
land,

And hundred-gated Thebes arose beneath my forming
hand ;

In piling up the Pyramids, I tasked my infant power,
And reared the walls which strike the world with wonder
at this hour.

To life immortal science sprang, born of my teeming brain,
And lit the sacred fire, whose light shall not be quenched
again.

The world's old empires waxed and waned before time's
stormy blast,

But undismayed I others reared, as war's mad roar went
past.

I founded Tyre, and from her ports the sails of commerce
flew,

To gather wealth from shores unknown, and garner know-
ledge too.

I stood upon the shores of Greece, when liberty was born,
Prometheus-like, evoking there the fire of freedom's morn;
I generated on the glorious band that Persia's pride o'er-
threw,

And at Thermopylæ I stood, with Sparta's deathless few.
I built the graceful shrines of Greece—still beautiful to-day,
Around my Phœnix, Athens, grouped, unrivalled in decay;
With Praxitelian skill my chisel sculptured forms divine,
Protogenean painting, and Apellean art were mine.

I taught old Solon how to teach, Lycurgus how to train;
Inspired with logic Euclid's soul, and Aristotle's brain.

I with the Macedonian marched, to farthest India's stream,
I walked with Socrates, and was the genius of his dream;
Old Homer fired, Demosthenes, and Herodotus' pen

I guided, and, through Plato, taught philosophy to men.

Archimedes, Pythagoras, the sages, bards of yore,

Were trained to wisdom in my schools, around the Ægean
shore;

Till from the generous Grecian mind, arose the mental
morn,

Whereof the day, that cheers the world, and lights man-
kind, was born.

I stood with Moses when his mind inspired was by the
Lord,

I sang among the prophet-bards who taught Jehovah's
word ;

I struck the harp for David, when adoring nature's King,
In strains more grand, sublimer far, than mortal now can
sing.

I followed with the Magi, too, the star that guided them,
To hail the low-born Prince of Peace at humble Beth-
lehem.

I stood with John beneath the cross, the death-hour to
survey,

Beheld the grossness martyr Love, would murder it to-day.
With Paul and Peter journeyed round, to many a distant
clime,

To teach the faith, which, but obeyed, would render life
sublime ;

And as I round the Roman world the Law of kindness bore,
The Moral Revelation now I waft to every shore.

In world-controlling Rome I reigned, 'twas I who gave
the strength,

Beneath the march of ages, slowly was to sink at length ;
When Rome with mighty Carthage strove, I struck with
Scipio's mind,

The chieftain down, had almost changed the history of
mankind.

When freedom 'gainst the Cæsars strove, I fought on free-
dom's side,

Lamented over Cato's fall, and wept as Brutus died.

At length the yoke that fettered man away from man I
hurled,
And led the free-born northern nations on to rule the
world,
Long time war's restless, ruthless rage, the weary earth
appalled,
But from the chaos mightiest states by destiny were called ;
Long time like volcanoes they stood, each belching blast-
ing flame,
Rolling the lava-fire of war against each other's fame.
But yesterday, that era past, my modern empires rose
Like Alps, that from the earth to heaven lift up their
crowning snows ;
Another earthquake shakes them now, and tempests round
them play,
That era, too, shall pass, and man a gentler time survey.
Whatever empire flourish now, whatever empire fall,
Imperishable, one exists, amidst the crash of all !
The sovereignty I have achieved o'er nature's vast domain,
But dies when man shall cease to live, when mind shall
cease to reign !

Lo ! from the coming future time what hope irradiant
streams !

My sky's unclouding like the dawn that through the tem-
pest beams ;

What book shall hold the record vast, of all that I have
done ?

What eloquence describe the truths which have by me
been won ?

Yet in the future's shrouded breast, what treasures yet
remain !

What light shall burst upon mankind, from many an un-
born brain !

I stood by the Italian's side, when he his sails unfurled,
My hand the pilot-needle formed, which found the West-
ern world.

In airy cars above the clouds I climb creation's steep,
My ships, 'gainst wind, and tide, and storm, go rushing
through the deep ;

I in a moment speak to man, though oceans roll between ;
I make the sun myself pourtray,—engrave with morning's
sheen,—

Create the giant eye which glares on orbs before
unknown, —

The glass that scans the atom-systems, living on our own ;
Reveal to man, how nature's laws, each atom count and
weigh,—

And demonstrate another world all eyes could not survey ;
My soul-inspired printing-press gives truth to all man-
kind ;

To it, the oracles of old were deaf, and dumb, and blind.
I cut the limb that is diseased from man without a pain,
I make the paralytic walk,—the blind see all again ;
With spider-skill I weave the robes adorning beauty's form,
I gather raiment from a tree, and vesture from a worm !
I draw the lightning from the sky, and thunder from the
earth,

Evoke sweet music from a string, to inspire the dance of
mirth ;

I dive into the deep, to look upon the treasures there,
I count the rain drops with my guage, and weigh the
graspless air ;
I subterranean fountains form, to rise in myriad streams,
I dissipate the night of earth, with light like solar beams ;
I hang my bridges o'er the tides, I bore earth's solid bed,
And march along in triumph, where a river rolls o'erhead ;
Through mountains, plains, o'er streams I rush, upon the
car enshrined,
Which mocks the fleetness of the deer, and leaves the
wind behind ,
I shut the tempest out with what now lights my loftiest
halls,
The lightning parry with the sword I hold above my walls !
I build a palace, like a sky of rainbows, to contain
The science of my treasury, the art of my domain.
The worlds revolving through my sky, I in a balance
weigh,
I know the distance, motions, bulk, of all mine eyes survey ;
I mole earth's granite-ribb'd mass,—I lay bare nature's
bones,
To see how life's great Architect upreared His temple's
stones ;
And matter I dissolve, to learn of what the globe is made,
And analyse the light wherein its being is displayed.
Deep sinks my plummet in that sea, which time alone can
sound,
Wherein I've dived ten thousand years, to search its gulfs
profound ;

From age to age I deeper go, from its dark caves to bring
Up precious pearls, to grace the brow of earth's mind-
crown'd King.

I sound immensity's abyss, with my star-reaching wand,
"Take any point within its space,—another lies beyond,"
And past eternity, I mete, by that which is to be,
The latter, to the former added, gives all time to me.
The primal law of nature, by whose power creation moves,
Which wheels all systems, round all spheres, my spirit
grasps and proves ;

And that geometry, whereby each universe was planned,
I lock within my treasury !—and I hold within my hand !
I am a torch, lit by a ray from life's eternal stream.
I am an orb, reflecting light from Heaven's own morning
beam ;

I am a book, where knowledge prints her facts in type
divine,

I am a glass, where truth beholds her glorious features
shine ;

All forms which be, all tints that glow, the thoughts of
Nature's brain,

I mirror on my speculum, whose disk can all contain.
The beauty shining o'er the world, or born of Nature's
womb,

In rainbow streams gush through my eyes, to light with
thought my dome ;

Earth, sea, and skies, and every wonder-system they
contain,

I tablet on my camera, and bear within my brain !

Sweet do creation's harmonies across my senses roll !

Soft gushes life along my veins, and pleasure through my
soul !

I bask beneath joy's blissful rays, which warm from heaven
descend,

Until my life with happiness and Love's own being blend !

Behold the cities I have built, the empires I have piled !

Contrast man now, with what he was when roaming through
the wild ;

And realize, if able then, the height he may attain,

Till future ages look on this as ye the past disdain ;

For onwards—ever onwards still, I lead the march of mind,

And see the future's strength afar, arise fresh truths to find ;

If mighty be the mental power of but your nation's brain,

Think how much knowledge twenty ages of the world's
shall gain !

What thoughts shall bud, what truths shall blossom 'neath
all-ripening time,

Till wisdom bloom in every land, and flower in every
clime !

Mankind shall speak one language yet—speak in a simpler
tongue,

Than any now the nations speak, or singer e'er hath sung ;

For while each nation shall retain the tongue it speaks
to-day,

A general language, shall to each, the sense of all convey ;

The jarring principles that now ascendancy contend,

Shall moult their first wings, and, replumed, to universal
good ascend ;

Before the unreceding truth shall fall each ignorance-shrine,
God, love, and immortality around the world shall shine,
To strike the chains from every soul!—give vision to the
blind!

Emancipate a universe!—regenerate mankind!
To banish doubt, and hate, and fear, as spring does wintry
snows!

To trample down beneath their feet, like reeds, truth's
feeble foes!

Though strong as death appear their strength, though soar
to heaven their pride,

The Good that has marched o'er the past shall all their ill
deride!

Arrest earth's roll with spider-threads! go! make the stars
be still!

E'er man can curb man's onward course, or curb truth's
curbless will!

Raise error all your barriers high, your ramparts shall be
riven,

And dashed to dust before a Power which *is* the strength
of heaven!

Arise! Oh nations! follow me where softest dews distil,
And crown with plenty every plain, with pleasure every
hill.

I'll lead you on to regions fair your fathers never trod;
I'll lead you on to peace, to truth, to happiness, to God!
The clime of love, from whose sweet skies divinest airs
shall roll,

To charm the blisters from the heart, the wrinkles from
the soul.

There frownless faces fair shall smile, and hateless souls
shall sing,

And gratitude breathe songs divine to love's all-radiant
King.

In vain around that seat of bliss shall rude barbarians
prowl,

It spurns them thence— it casts them back, upon them-
selves to scowl.

Oh! how my spirit yearns to bask in Love's celestial
morn,—

Oh! how my soul is pining now to feel the time unborn.

Ah! by the ages' bones bestrewn upon the ghastly shore—

To walk not on this earth again, to feel its day no more;

Ah! by the strife which has deluged the earth with mur-
der's flood,

Cease man to stab your brother's heart! to shed your
brother's blood!

Live! live to bless, and not to curse! for what is strife
but hell?

And peace is heaven! then on to heaven, with heavenly
peace to dwell!

Go! win a world without a tear—a life without a sigh,

And greatly be resolved to live! and grandly dare to die!

THE FAIR GIRLS OF NOTTINGHAM;

A POETICAL CONCERT.

BEHOLD the Fair Girls who are Nottingham's pride !
 Like swans over streams as they gracefully glide !
 Their robes flowing freely, as banners outfurled,
 Folding them fondly as heaven clasps the world !
 Oh ! soft as the blush of a dawn-brightening sky,
 Is the glow of their cheek, and the glance of their eye !
 As the smiles of Aurora her roses illumine,
 Their souls brighter play o'er their youth's fairer bloom ;
 From refinement alone the expression can flow,
 Which heightens each feature, which hallows each brow !
 O each elegant form, and each delicate face,
 No poet can picture ! no painter can trace !
 Go ! kiss their soft tresses, ye zephyrs, for me !
 Singing, fair as themselves may their destiny be !

FOUR PORTRAITS.

GRACE.

She's a fair little creature,
 In figure and feature,
 'Tis really a pleasure to look at her face—
 Her aspect's so wiling,
 Eucharistic, beguiling,
 She looks like the bright smiling image of Grace.

Her eyes are so dovely,
Loving, and lovely,
With beauty they tremble that words cannot sing ;
From their dark silken fringes
A soft glance impinges,
Which stirs on its hinges the heart's hidden spring.

Gracefully flowing,
Her satin hair glowing,
Is braided back, showing her maidenly brow !
Her graceful throat's fairness,
Her fair bosom's rareness—
Utterance can't utter their virginal snow.

She has dear little palms,
And saintly white arms—
Happy the mortal they circle with bliss !
Her mouth is a rose
Whereon chastity glows,
Whose fragrance he knows who has tasted its kiss !

BEAUTY.

How fair that complexion which health now enlightens !
How blooming the features that girlhood now brightens !
Oh ! soft is the bloom on that delicate cheek !
And sweet are the blushes thy virtues bespeak !

We envy the zone wherein fashion hath bound thee,
We envy the robe that is now floating round thee ;
We envy the pillow whereon thou dost rest,
Would we were a bird, and that bosom our nest !

Could we, like a zephyr, but follow thee, fairy,
We'd float round thee ever, and never be weary ;
We'd over thee hang, like a miser o'er treasure,
And murmur in accents Æolian our pleasure.

Elegant blossom of exquisite bloom—
Fairest of roses the light doth illumine ;
Fresh as a dewdrop and pure as its ray,
Oh ! but thyself can thy beauty display !

VIRTUE.

We look upon that face again, as fair its features glow,
As blushed thine aspect when we first beheld it long ago ;
As soft and sunny is thy smile, and still as smooth appears,
That virtue-wreath'd maiden brow as in the vanished years.

Time hath not thrown a shadow o'er that cheek's bewitch-
ing hue,
Nor cast a sorrow on the lustre of those eyes so blue ;
The lapse of years hath left untouched that form of
Hebean mould,
And brightly streams thy sheeny hair as in the days of old.

From many a noble mind, since then, hath life its glory stole,
And smiles have past from many a lip, and joy from many
a soul ;

But still amid the *changing* years, *unchanged* thy heart
remains,

The gentleness that graced the *girl* the *woman* yet retains.

Long thus, chaste flower, unfaded bloom before life's
stormy blast,

The virgin freshness of thine heart retaining to the last ;
And when at length thy mortal charms the fate of mortals
share,

Go join in heaven's love-lighted land thy sister spirits there.

GOOD NATURE ;

THE FAIREST GIRL IN EUROPE.

MARION.

The iris paints the light of heaven, but what shall paint
the fair,

Smiling poetry upon me, while gazing on her now ?

Her sweet entrancing aspect, her splendid glancing hair,

With a spirit, like a sunny day, dancing o'er her brow ?

Rave Fancy, to the loving trees, while roving in the shade,

Oh ! to be but the greensward she is moving o'er, 'twere
sweet !

Kissing every footstep of yon gracious-looking maid,

Sighing forth your happiness in flowers at her feet !

As lovely as Mercy, she is smiling at the storm,
Virtue throwing round her the soft glowing grace,
Like a veil of lily-roses chastely flowing round her form,
Blushing to the radiant bloom of beauty on her face!
Rave Fancy, to the loving trees, while roving in the shade,
To be but the greensward she is moving o'er, 'twere
sweet !

Kissing every footstep of yon gracious-looking maid,
Sighing forth your happiness in flowers at her feet !

SEPARATION.

Away from thee, Mary,
I sigh o'er the sea,
And bid the winds bear thee
A message from me ;
A tear from my heart,
To awake one in thine—
A tear to impart
The remembrance of mine.

Like the foam of the ocean,
The cloud of the breeze,
The mocked of its motion,
The sport of the seas ;
In vain would man bend, love,
His fate to his sighs—
He only can send, love,
A prayer to the skies !

Oh eye like yon heaven !
Oh blush like its morn !
Oh loveliness given,
Dull life to adorn !
In the land of the brave,
In the isle of the free,
Thy young tresses wave,
But away, love, from me !

How weak is man's soul,
How helpless his pride,
His course to control,
Or his destiny guide ;
In vain would he bend, love,
His fate to his sighs—
He only can send, love,
A prayer to the skies !

MEETING.

At last the exile to thine arms is restored,
To claim thee, to bless thee again, my adored !
Thy tresses float o'er me, the heart touches thine,
Ever beat but to thee, as thy tears gush to mine !
As thy tears gush to mine, raining answers to me,
To the prayers that to heaven I have breathed, love, for thee !
Who to England again has the exile restored,
To claim thee, to bless thee again, my adored !

In the fever of day, as the fervour of night,
My spirit sought thine, as the earth seeks her light ;
From the seas, thund'ring round me, it turned to this breast,
My harbour of refuge, my haven of rest !
I felt ever near me thy love-hallowed form !
My heart light with hope, as the bow lights the storm ;
That hope to thine arms has the exile restored,
Who claims thee, who clasps thee again, my adored !

HONEYMOON.

My charming little winsome wife,
In youth and innocence arrayed,
How happy was the hour, my life !
I won my bright-haired angel-maid !
For she with bliss my heart beguiles,
And makes my home affection's shrine,
Worth all her sex's all, the smiles
Which make man's proudest—poor to mine.

Her pretty little winning ways,
They chase all sadness from my side—
As at the spring's enlivening rays,
The storms of winter melted glide ;
Oh yes ! her soft enchanting grace
Has charged my heart with blissful prayers,
And gazing on her angel-face,
I bless her with adoring tears !

GRAND CHORUS.

What's man without woman?—what life without love?
A breath without being, a grave without Jove!
A night without stars, whereon dawneth no day,
A rose tree all thorns, with the flowers cropt away!
Oh woman, sweet woman, alone can impart,
Joy to the spirit, and peace to the heart;
Blest by her charms we can all else resign,
And poor without her love—in riches repine.
Like fragrance to flowers—like fruit to the trees,
The spring to the desert—the salt to the seas—
Mercy to misery—foison to dearth—
Rest to the weary—and sleep to the earth,
Is love unto life, and is woman to man,
Earth knew no heaven till her life began!
She alone of all creatures was formed by the Lord,
To be, like Himself, by His creatures adored;
To brighten man's life, and to lighten his cares,
Softens his sorrows and smile off his tears.
Till the stars become dim, and their systems decay,
Till man with his birthplace, the world, pass away—
His heart, witching woman, is wedded to thine,
Oh! thee he can but with his nature resign!

WATERLOO ;

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Slow broke the lingering light from heaven, and lowering
 dawned the day,
Along the heights whereon encamped two mighty armies
 lay ;
And faintly swept the summer-breeze across the harvest
 plain,
To breathe on many a manly cheek it ne'er might warm
 again !
The bugles blared the morning blast,—and, at the martial
 sound,
Recumbent thousands there arose from off the storm-dyed
 ground ;
And many a gallant youth replied unto the muster roll,
Who long before the night should lie a corse without a
 soul.
Lo ! as the heavy mists of morn in silence roll away,
The awful front of either host, in battle's dread array !
Along the hills run many a rood Gaul's lines arrayed in
 blue,
Her mail-sheathed horsemen in the rear gleam whitely on
 the view ;
While Britain's red ranks resting on opposing heights are
 seen,
Presenting to the eagle's gaze a sternly silent mien.

The morning slowly wanes to noon ; resounds the onset
gun !

“ March on, ye brave, to Hougoumont !” Hurrah ! the
strife's begun.

“ To arms !” the drums and trumpets call—to arms ! to
blows ! to death !

And bravest breasts in either host beat fast with thickened
breath.

Surrounded by his hero-chiefs, Napoleon takes his stand,
And Wellington is at his post, with his unflinching band.
Amid the batteries' murderous crash begins the fearful fray,
Belching their shot upon the brave, the deathful cannons
play !

Hurrah for England ! *Vive la France !* Whose star
shall now decline ?

Shall England's world-enlightening orb, Napoleon, sink to
thine ?

“ On ! on ! *mes braves*, for Hougoumont !” that ta'en, the
world is won,

And broken *perfid*e Albion's might, and set for aye her sun.
The masses of the French sweep on, 'mid war's life-blast-
ing hail,

On ! on ! they come, with furious rush ; turns England's
genius pale ;

“ Well ! if my ranks are broken now, and driven from the
field,

“ If shivered is my spear this hour, and shattered is my
shield,

“ My best and greatest general rides along my files to-day,

“ Befall what may, a glorious part that lofty soul shall play.

“Stand fast, my sons!—a mighty chief directs your every
blow,

“Shall it be breathed in English air we’re beaten by the
foe?

“By all the triumphs of the past, by hopes of all to be,

“Put forth your strength to keep aloft the banners of the
free!

“No, never shall our dauntless ranks e’er turn their backs
to fly;

“Before we will like cravens yield, upon this ground we
die!”

And well did English hearts redeem the oath by England
sworn,

Though thousands fell by thousands more the foe’s assaults
were borne;

In vain the fire and force of Gaul those steady ranks
assail,

Not all the veteran-shock of France can make their firm-
ness quail.

Each furious charge is back repelled, their fire unblench-
ing borne,

And still the British stand at night where they arose at
morn.

“Close up your ranks,” was still the cry, as at the
serried squares

Charged, even to the bayonet’s point, the steel-sheathed
Curassiers.

In vain, in vain the brave beard death, and charge along
the plain,

Unbroken all and undismayed Britannia’s ranks remain;

Till, like a band of baffled tigers, beaten from their prey,
The mail-girt horsemen shrink at length from Albion's
firm array.

Then like a whirlwind's thunder-swoop against a shaken
wall,

Then like a sea's resistless rush upon the ranks of Gaul,
Charge England's heavy horsemen, and before their stal-
wart-shock

The foe's strong front is beaten down, as by a rolling rock.
With streams of blood the plain's deluged, with corpses
covered o'er,

And clouded with sulphurous smoke, through which war's
thunders roar.

Pale turns Napoleon as he sees the flower of all his host,
All driven back discomfited and yields the day for lost ;

"But one more charge ! look to the right ! see Grouchy's
colours wave,

"But one more charge ! for France ! for me ! for victory
or a grave !

"What ! shall my immortal legions now from glory's
heights be hurled ?

"Shall yon raw band the victors crush, whose strength has
shocked a world ?

"No ! by a thousand fields of fame, where death has round
us roared,

"No ! by the eagles that o'er earth triumphantly have
soared,

"My veterans will not falter now, but through yon routed foe,

"By one brave charge to Brussels shall this night victorious
go !

“ Remember France, to future ages bid our records tell
“ How, crushed beneath your blows this hour, her haughtiest rival fell.”

To shouts of “ *Vive Napoleon!*”—to shouts that rend the sky,

The masses of the French advance beneath their Emperor’s eye.

On sweeps the storm of human wrath, whose lightnings burst afar,

On rush the blue battalions, ’mid the thunder-blasts of war;

This charge, it is the last to-night, shall Europe win or lose,

And fearful shall the last shock be of two such fearless foes.

Now England! England! hold your own, collect your drooping power,

For this is your declining, or your culminating hour;

Your general rides to meet the storm, and resting on the ground,

Your bravest sons their steadfast chief are thickly swarming round,—

The sons that have to empire’s seat upraised their sea-washed shore,

The race that have a thousand years their flag triumphant bore.

They come! the old Imperial Guard, amid the battle’s breath;

They come! who, if they yield to-day, will only yield to death.

In vain your deadly batteries strike yon moving human wall,
The living o'er the dying press, as down they corpses fall.
They're driving all before them, see ! your bleeding lines
give way !

Not all your wasted ranks can do their onward rush can
stay ;

Your shattered regiments break before the last assault of
Gaul !

Your empire's strength is staggering now ! a throne this
hour shall fall !

Still on they charge ! and here they come !—" Up Guards
and at them !" cried

Britannia's chief, and at his voice arose her martial pride ;
And thicker than o'er winter's waste comes hurtling down
the snow,

The volleys roll, whose every bullet strikes against a foe.
That shower of death hurls back the Frank, and staggers
his advance,

And with a cheer the Guards rush on the shaken front of
France.

Before that charge her troops recoil, her veteran legions
reel,

Not all the Gallic bayonets now can stop the British steel ;
They shrink before the impetuous shock of England's late
advance,

The modern Cæsar's lost for aye the diadem of France.

Look to the right ! and there behold old Blucher's ban-
ners wave,

Ah ! "*Sauve qui peut !*" decamp who can ! decamp dear
life to save !

Gaul's valiant veterans scattered by fate's empire-mocking
spear,

All routed fly along the plains, in panic-stricken fear.

Borne by the fugitives away, Napoleon quits the field,

And leaves a remnant of his host to die, but not to yield.

In steady order o'er the plain the English lines move on,

Bright bursts the sun upon their van, where rideth

Wellington ;

But Britain's guardian genius weeps, when gazing on the
dead,

She sees the bravest of her sons in their last fight have bled.

Still has her mighty arm prevailed ; then glory to the
brave !

Who on that field victorious made her blenchless banner
wave,

But never more may such a storm against her strength be
hurled,

And never more may such a struggle die with blood the
world ;

For ne'er was such a fight before e'er fought beneath the sun.

Where the victors all but vanquished were, and the van-
quished all but won.

Oh ! France and England ! but too long ye've shed each
other's blood—

Too long have Europe's noblest states against each other
stood ;

Now join, together join your swords ! let them a rampart be,

To awe barbarians, and to guard the life of liberty ;

And cease each other's breasts to wound, united earth to bless,

And with diviner deeds to heal the martyr man's distress.

WILFORD ELM-ROW.

WILFORD ! we've sung your Inn, and Church, and Town,
Again, by you inspired, our harp we seize,
To celebrate your sylvan robe and crown—
Your stately row of ancient, noble trees ;
Whose boughs for seven score years have braved the breeze,
Shading the village where we love to rove ;
A colonnade the dullest taste to please,
To nature's green cathedral—Clifton Grove.

A green arcade, a screen of sylvan shade,
A wall umbrageous, of dark emerald gleam ;
A thousand elms, in single file arrayed,
Presenting arms unto the rolling stream ;
Standing by it the earth-born Titans seem,
To muse, like monuments, o'er man's decay ;
Their hoar forms, mirror'd in the water, dream
Of floods which, like their youth have past away.

Once as I wandered on the northern shore,
When the foam flew, like dust before the breeze,
Struck by the furious blast's tornadean roar,
Fell crashing, fell, one of the giant trees,
Of yon huge group, that now look o'er the leas,
As though they mourned their mighty brother's fall,
Which by yon tower for ages braved the breeze,
Standing the great colossus of them all.

Ah ! towering elms ! rapt fancy longs to be
A fearless bird, that it might build a nest
Among your foliage, careless, wild, and free,
Pairing with prettiest mate it loved the best ;
Safe in its little home contented rest,
Secure from all the man-made woes of man,
Pouring love's music from a happy breast,
While bright beneath your stream of beauty ran.

Oh ! could your leaves the love-vows but repeat,
Beneath their branches breathed by ages fled,
My song would then be fraught with sighs as sweet
As ever from the heart of nature sped ;
And with delight the poesy would be read,
Echoing whispers from your twilights dim,
The beating heart, and life of ages dead,
Gushing with music like an organ-hymn.

Give us an echo of a vanished day,
All love and rapture, no more woes for me ;
Hark ! wave your boughs, to hear is to obey :
Past yonder brook and rustic bridge you see,
In bygone years were love-vows breathed as free,
As wild and warm as ever gushed from man,
The lost prayers wandering through eternity,
Weeping that ill has marred what good began.

A calm, unclouded, splendid eve of June,
Bright down the vale the brilliant river gleaming,
Singing its low, melodious, murmuring tune,
By margy meads, and boughs with fragrance streaming :

Hesperia o'er the lovely landscape beaming,
Starring the soft, delicious air of heaven ;
The little flowers, in rapt entrancement dreaming
Music to Him by whom their life was given.

Such was the hour, as here in days gone by,
A youth and maiden wandered towards the grove ;
Heart beat to heart—eye lightened unto eye—
As they both paused by yonder green alcove ;
When to that graceful maiden, blushing love,
Like Hope to Heaven, her lover bent the knee,
Sighing, this hour my heart its fate shall prove,
For oh ! 'twould burst to longer silent be !

For as I meet thy gentle glance, my queen !
My pulse is fluttering like a dying bird !
With happiness is trembling every vein,
Like summer leaves by sightless zephyrs stirred !
Oh Love ne'er spake, and Beauty never heard,
Maid of the radiant smile and angel-brow !
The passion-fraught and spirit-lightning word,
Whose storm is weeping for its iris now !

Thy charms create a famine in my breast,
Thy love, thy loveliness alone can feed !
By the bright shores and fire-skies of the blest,
Whose glory-crests in yon blue heaven we see !
With thy heart's music, love, respond to me,
As to the winds reply the rippling boughs !
"With tears of joy I can but answer thee,
For oh ! I loved thee ere I heard thy vows !"

They're gone, they're gone, the loving and the loved !
Gone like the springs that long have passed away ;
But their young hearts the high affection proved,
And beat its rapture, ere they turned to clay !
They sunned their souls in heaven's star-lighting day,
From earth's low dust to love's empyrean soared ;
And caught from God the life-exalting ray,
That starr'd them up to where His sons adored !

Majestic elms ! your hanging arch of green,
Charms the vexed spirit on the day of rest,
When gloriously the gorgeous setting-sheen
Of Autumn's sun, is blazing o'er the West ;
Reflected radiantly on Trent's pure breast,
Burning resplendent through your dancing leaves,
Like opal-skies that overarch the blest,
Gilding with glory-hues their glancing caves.

Often, old trees ! we've watched from hence displayed,
Your landscape, spreading in the dawning light,
And boated down beneath your tranquil shade,
The bright stars showering through the spanless height ;
When over Clifton Grove the moon's soft light,
Sudden has shone, so holy, bright, and still,
As though the smile of God fell through the night,
Sending o'er nature's breast a heavenly thrill !

An hemisphere of sapphire, arched above,
A continent of emerald, spread below,
Bright o'er whose splendour-stream the sun doth move,
And planets, moon, and stars pass to and fro,

A universe of green o'erdomed with blue !
Oh ! could I, like a sun, but speak in light !
Then should my burning language blazon true,
The beauty here presented to the sight !

In morning's glory, or in evening's gloom,
In spring's soft splendour—summer's fervid glow,
In autumn, when the hills with plenty bloom,
In winter, when the meads are wrapt in snow,
As round and round the circling seasons go,
Fairest their native vale is to the free !
From vaster realms, where exiled far they go,
Like sunflowers to the sun, they turn to thee !

And ye, a landmark, tower above the scene,
Oh antique elms ! where oft their feet have strayed ;
As flies fond memory to this peaceful green,
Round half the globe, to rest beneath your shade ;
Bright harps of heaven ! by tear-fraught angels played,
Ye only can the plaintive memories sing,
Falling like leaves here round an autumn glade,
Whose lost hopes flowered here, like the buds of spring !

A century and a half, old elms ! ye've stood,
A century, and another, perhaps, may stand,
Darkening with solemn shade the silver flood,
Glassing your pillared arch, oh ancient band !
Beneath which bards more musical may stand,
Breathing to you a loftier lay than mine,
Or any by the past or present scanned,
Whose fire shall pale when here they soar to shine.

Adieu ! old friends, I'm going, going, gone !
 I feel the quiet stone upon me laid ;
 Life darkens round me, and I sleep alone,
 Alone in death's calm, deep, oblivious shade ;
 Yet to the morn your branches are displayed,
 I see the spring again your life renew,
 And the bright Trent seek murmuring, seek your shade,
 But the bard comes no more to gaze on you !

—♦—

GOD.

On Thou ! who walkest on the Milky Way !
 Being ! whence flows all life, like breath from us !
 Spirit ! whence shoot all minds, like thought from man !
 How shall an atomite attempt to tell
 The beauty of the Ever-burning Light !
 The glory of the Everlasting Morn !
 The majesty of that unbounded Power,
 Immense immensity's sky-sheeted scroll
 Alone by all its systems can display !
 How shall my less than little thought arise,
 To that thought-baffling God, who, like its day,
 Thrones on the darkness of eternity !

The noblest spirits of Thy grandest world,
 Rising toward Thee, like eagles toward the sun,
 Droop their fire-wings, and faint, like falling stars,
 Below the level of Thy Deity !
 How, then, shall feeble man, on reason's wing,

E'er reach the footstool of Thy Majesty !
Yet, in the little sky that walls him in,
Thy goodness gives his spirit power to soar,
And, lark-like, bathe his bosom in thy beam ;
Shoot, then, my soul, beyond the solar ray !
Let science pilot thee to orbs sublime,
Whose mass our widest orbits cannot span !
Borne by electric thought across the void,
I stand upon the All-controlling Star,
And gaze upon a sea of worlds around.
As daisies from the sod, stars start from space,
The sun-built universes round me shine !
The Burning Chariots of the King of Power !
The Palaces of Light ! the Thrones of Heaven !
Worlds wheeling round the multicoloured stars,
Flocking, like birds, around earth's gilded spires ,
Swarming, like motes within the summer sun.
I hear the sound of music-beating seas !
I hear the song of ever-pulsing life !
Rolling in thunder-gushes round the spheres !
While reason reels amid the blinding maze,
The 'wilderer, whirling shower of suns and worlds !
All-Sovereign God ! all being dost suspend,
Upon electric rays of burning light !
All matter upon gravitation's law !
Oh Thou who lit these suns with setless day,
And robed their worlds in life-enchancing morn !
How can we thank Thee ? How the God adore,
Who turned from forming worlds—evoking suns,
To light the tiny taper of man's life,

And plant amazing reason in the soul ?
This wondrous scene of nature, where we're lost,
Like meanest monads in the mightiest sea,
Transcends our earth-bound faculties to scan ;
How then, great God ! shall they ascend to Thee ?
Art Thou the Glory throned on all the stars ?
The Eternity of light pervades the void ?
The Power connecting the internal mind
With all external things ?
Art Thou the *Nothing* which contains the *All* ?
Spread'st Thou round that, spreading beyond ev'n thought ?
Does time flow from Thee, like its hours from time ?
As motion moves from motion, that from Thee ?
Oh say what art Thou ! invisible as gravitation's law,
As all-controlling, too ; Conscience of nature speak !
Thou whom we *feel*, but are too gross to *see*,
Oh, Light ! oh, Life ! oh, Love ! oh, Truth ! oh, All !
Where is Thy dwelling-place ? where is Thy throne
Whereen Almighty Majesty's displayed ?
Far, far beyond the dwarfling world of man,
Beyond the flash of our sun's furthest ray,
Beyond the bounds our science does survey,
Thou hid'st in His immensity, the God !
Whose unveiled presence would strike dead the stars !
Star-wreathed eternity, around Thy throne,
Rolls in bright circles through infinity !
Enthroned on power, impalac'd in space,
Thou sit'st in light, as our sun sits in heaven,
Communing with Thyself ; the worlds beneath,
Float with their ages, as Thou dost survey

The landscape of creation, lit by Thee !
While in Thy life Thy thoughts arise like stars,
Starting irradiant from the soundless deep !
Thine ideas play across Thy sky-like mind,
Like rainbows rushing from the source of light !
Like summer flowering from the world's green breast !
Like the bright circles girdling Saturn round !
Like orbs revolving through ethereal space !
Like organ-peals along cathedral aisles !
Like the still small voice Elijah heard !
Like the eternal thought ere matter was !
Like Love's eternal thrill through nature's veins !
Like saintly Laura dawned on Petrarch's view !
Like the last sob from the last broken heart !
Like affection's tresses weeping o'er the dead !
Like the oppressed brain, tortured in every thought !
Harrowed in every hope ! sleeping at last !
Sleeping within the grave, feeling the peace of God !
Like purple oceans domed by golden heavens !
Like silver moons rising from starlit seas !
Like Alps eternal whitening in the dawn !
Like beds of roses brightning in the morn !
Like inspiration through sublimest souls !
Like matter's law focussed on Newton's mind !
Like cataracts of stars, whose sheet-lightning ever
Falls from the eternity no beginning saw,
Through that eternity no end shall see !
Like nature first dawned through the eyes of man !
Like God's breath gushed into his breathless clay !
Like thought's first emanation o'er his brain !

When Being, lightning first through pulseless death,
Made death get up to live!
All the life that has been, all which is,
And all that shall be with it rising, too!
But man's sublimest utterance, like a grave!
Sinks beneath the infinity it fain would grasp,
But cannot touch the sole of;
It can but catch the eclipse of thoughts which are,
Like universes flowering now from space!
Like morning's rush o'er all created skies!
Like all worlds walking on the nothing now,
Appals us that we live!
Like *Immensity*, the body of the God,
Who kneels to Thee!
Yet though Thy thoughts above the angels' soar,
Like mountains o'er the molehills at their feet!
Thy goodness condescends to lowly man,
Thy tenderness smiles on the infant's brow,
Thy mercy weeps in pity's tear-fraught heart!
And while Thy heaven embraces earth with heaven,
Despair itself cannot *despair* of Thee!
This blue, majestic universe of light—
Yon far eternity stretched over time,
Wherefrom the *All-sublime* now looks *I am*!
Glassed on the atom of a particle
Enshrined within the compass of a point,
Demonstrate God by all the life that lives!
Proclaim His power through every power which moves!
Attest His love by all the love we know!
And throne for ever on the mind of man,

A Father-God ! and Mercy-Deity !
Oh ! God all-wise—all-mighty—all-divine !
Without whom earth were but a skyless grave,
And death a night, whereon no morn could rise ;
A little grass-blade, trembling in Thy breath,
And quivering in Thy beam—my head I bow,
Asking a ray of love from mercy's morn,
To nestle, like a sunbeam, in my heart,
And cheer me through this 'wilderling waste of time.
Oh bend Thine eye, Beneficence ! on man ;
Oh send Thy glory-smile around the world !
Where heart-blind grossness through sin's leprous clay,
Beholds but darkness where there beams a day
Unspeakable ! ineffable ! divine !
Enlighten earth with good, till all her tribes
May know Thee as Thou art, oh Father-God !
With aspect gracious as a cloudless sky !
With justice equalling Thy benignity !
For those obdurate hearts that turn from Thee,
Cain-like, to smite their brother's grief with woe,
Turn from the paths of peace to walk to hell !
And their own lives shall their own judges be,
And their own deeds their executioners !
All that I am,—all I can ever be,
To Thee I owe, or must derive from Thee !
And, by the thoughts which burn within me now
Keen as the lightning's flash, I'll worship Thee !
Though my hopes perish like time-withered flowers,
Though all life's joys should with its hopes decay ;
Though the fresh health, which nerves the soul with strength,

Droop to the earth, a weak, down-trodden reed ;
Though fate may palsy all that steels my soul,
Beat down to dust the rampart of my pride,
As the red storm-bolt strikes a noble tree ;
Living I worship !—die adoring Thee !



NOTTINGHAM CROCUSES;

A FAIRY DIALOGUE.

Bardling.

LITTLE heralds of the spring !
Radiant buds of heavenly hue !
Sure ye're flowers the angels fling
From you fields of argent blue !

Crocuses.

No ! in Shakspeare's po'sy-reign
We were fairies on the green,
Sporting on this vernal plain,
Lighted by the lunar sheen.

When the morn of science rose,
Faded then our life away ;
As the stars night does disclose,
Die before the dawn of day.

Buried in the tomb of death,
 Deep within the earth so cold,
 Vitalized by nature's breath,
 Bloomed the flowers you now behold.

Emblem is our fate of thine ;
 Man, like us, shall buried be ;
 Yet shall his soul, from death's confine,
 Flower to immortality !

In the bulb our being bowers,
 Lies infinity of bloom,
 Whence shall rise the fairy-flowers,
 Perhaps above thy nation's tomb !



SONNET,

ON SEEING A BROTHER AND SISTER WALKING TOGETHER
 IN A GARDEN.

Ah, gentle pair ! as lovingly ye glide
 Among the flowers, I feel a strange commotion.
 How oft for such a sister have I sighed,
 To thrill my heart with love's most pure devotion !
 Whose tender smile, like evening on the ocean,
 Serenely falling o'er its heaving breast,

Had charmed my life with sweet, divine emotion,
And calmed the stormiest hour of strife to rest.
Oh! like an echo in a desert sleeping,
Yearning for music to awake its own ;
Oh! like a harp untouched, in silence weeping,
For one sweet hand to wake its tenderest tone,
My heart now feels, as I a brother see,
Blest with the sister heaven denied to me!



THE POET'S GRAVE.

BEAR him away where the green grass shall cover him,
And forest-boughs wave o'er the turf on his breast,
Where clouds of white violets may blow sweetly over him,
And birds ever sing round the place of his rest ;
Where the winds of the woodlands may sport often
 rovingly,
Where the smile of the noontide may pause often movingly,
Where the white dew of heaven may fall ever lovingly,
Weeping bright tears o'er his turf-covered breast!

Bury him not in the city-walled cemetery,
Bear him afar where the crowd ne'er shall tread,
Where the silence of nature shall spread round him
 solemnly.
And the gold of the eventide fall on his bed;

Where the bright rays of Lyra shall fall on him
 rainingly,
Where the white moon at midnight shall pass o'er him
 waningly,
Where the nightingale's shrill notes shall shoot through
 him 'plainingly,
Dissolving to dust in the sleep of the dead !



WELLINGTON AND PEEL.

EVER hallowed by fame be the place of their rest,
 Ever green be the laurels which garland their grave !
The requiem of Britain roll sweet o'er their breast,
 And soothe, in their slumber, the sleep of the brave !
The foremost in fortune, the foremost in fame,
 Round the tomb of their glory all ages shall draw ;
And England for ever exult in their name—
 Her Judgment in peace, and her Genius in war !
Ever hallowed by fame be the place of their rest,
 Ever green be the laurels which garland their grave !
The requiem of Britain roll sweet o'er their breast,
 And soothe in their slumber the sleep of the brave !

Together their names shall through hist'ry go down,
 Both writ in our annals the future shall see,
As two British statesmen of blending renown,
 A double star rising on ages to be !

As two Moderators who all could command,
 Uniting the influence caused discord to cease ;
 From anarchy saving a war-menaced land,
 By turning its laws into bulwarks of peace ;
 Ever hallowed by fame be the place of their rest,
 Ever green be the laurels that garland their grave !
 The requiem of Britain roll sweet o'er their breast,
 And soothe in their slumber the sleep of the brave !

Old Europe ne'er sent such a captain before,
 Against such a foe, her lost rights to regain ;
 And her war-menaced nations may vainly implore
 Such a soul of the future those rights to maintain !
 And Britain, whose hist'ry turns bright in *his* fame,
 Whose wisdom by others' experience we find ;
 The *Statesman of Plenty* for aye shall acclaim,
 Her peace who secured 'mid the storms of mankind !
 Ever hallowed by fame is the place of their rest,
 Ever green are the laurels that garland their grave !
 The acclaim of all ages rolls sweet o'er their breast,
 And soothes in their slumber the sleep of the brave !



THE BARD AND THE BUTTERFLY

Bardling.

OFFSPRING of the golden light,
 Sporting in the solar beam !
 Whither tends thy fairy-flight

Through the summer's glory-stream ?
Frolicking through Flora's bowers,
Thou'rt a reckless roving thing,—
Flirting with the blushing flowers,
Blooming round the garden-spring.

Butterfly.

Over bowers of rich perfume,
Over floods of silvery sheen,
Over beds of brightest bloom,
Over fields of softest green,
Sparkling in the brilliant morn,
Splendidly my pinions play,
Like a jewel newly torn
From the glory-crest of day.

Once a wandering sunbeam fell,
Bright into a flower's embrace ;
Thence, so fairy legends tell,
Issued forth the iris-race.
Flaunting gaily in the sun,
Fluttering freely o'er the flower,
We, until our glass be run,
Sport away its fleeting hour.

Bardling.

Flying pansy ! spread your wing,
Like a peacock-spangle blaze,
Winter, death to thee shall bring,
Live in summer's vital rays !

Offspring of the dancing day,
 What a happy lot is thine !
 Oh ! man's is a thorny way—
 Thine, a track of light divine !



THE AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BRITAIN.

THE night is marching o'er us,
 With all her grand array ;
 The stars arise before us,
 To light us on our way ;
 Across the shining ocean,
 To far Australia's strand,
 We speed with pauseless motion,
 From England's vernal land.

Oh land ! we leave behind us,
 One lingering, long farewell !
 To you, dear memories bind us,
 Till death strike nature's knell ;
 On wilds Australian wandering,
 Or wheresoe'er we be,
 Our thoughts, 'mid all their pondering,
 Will nightly fly to thee !

But still, with hope to guide us,
 We go with dauntless heart,
 To play, whate'er betide us,
 An independent part ;
 To strive, with manly bearing,
 Upon a golden soil,
 To win, by honest daring,
 A share of plenty's spoil.

Oh, Empress of the Water !
 Oh, Regent of Renown !
 Oh, Europe's noblest Daughter !
 Oh, Ocean's fairest Crown !
 No time the ties can sever,
 Which bind our hearts to thee ;
 Farewell ! oh, perhaps for ever,
 Thou Cradle of the Free !



SONG OF THE SKYLARK.

THE daisies shining like fairy-stars, spangle the sod so green—
 As gaily I spring from my flowery couch, to bask in the
 solar sheen ;
 Away from the earth, to the heavens away !—on pinions
 bounding borne,
 Oh ! proud is the flight, and bright the path, of the hailer
 of the morn !

Nature, hearing my piccolo pipe, with a secret rapture
thrills,
As downwards echoing through the air gusheth its joyful
trills ;
Like a flageolet fluting, up sunwards shooting, I flutter on
dancing wing,
Breathing the harping of the morn, and the quavering of
the spring.
The little birds draw their nightcaps off, aroused by the
rapturous troll
Of the carolling trembling from my breast, and fluttering
from my soul.
Over the plain, the awakening strain of each songster in
concert swells,
Rising and falling, my treble notes calling, chiming like
silver bells ;
Away ! away through the dawning day, on pinions bound-
ing borne,
Oh ! proud is the flight, and bright the path, of the hailer
of the morn !
Circling through the radiant hall, and revelling in the sky,
Sunning my heart in the orient light, as I heavenwards
warbling fly.
Laving my pinions in the clouds—drinking their silver
dew—
Fleeting above their foam, to float in the Æther's bound-
less blue ;
Thence quires my pæan of ecstacy, trillilling down the air,
'Tis gratitude bids me heaven ascend, and sweetly warble
there !

To mount like Hope to meet the morn, and in glory lilt
my lay,

While blushes the beauty of the world to the dawning of
the day!

Oh! like an arrow's spring from the full-drawn string
leaping up from the lea,

Vaulting to the dawning, I go dancing through the
morning, singing my soul out free.

How dear is my little life to me! How happy life with
love and light can be!

Tilalilalilalilalilala!

Oh! how happy life with love and light can be! Oh!
how dear is my little life to me!

Tilalilalilalilalilala! Tilalilalilalilalilala!

Away! away through the dawning day, on pinions bound-
ing borne,

Oh! proud is the flight, and bright the path, of the hailer
of the morn!



THE LITTLE VIOLET'S LITTLE SONG.

TO ALL LITTLE FOLKS.

I'M seated all alone,

A little fairy-queen,

On a little mossy throne,

On a pretty hill of green.

I'm a modest little maid,
And peep out half afraid,
In purple robe arrayed,
When morning to me speaks,
And breathes in softest sighs,
Rise, little Miss, arise !
I've fallen from the skies,
To kiss those pretty cheeks !


I'm a happy little flower !
My cottage, by the dell,
Stands in a leafy bower,
Where grandmamma did dwell ;
The bee comes bustling by,
With his humming how-d'ye-do ?
And often stops to sigh,
What a beauty, love, are you !

I've a pretty parasol,
An umbrella green !
In my tiny purple bowl,
I catch the solar sheen ;
My nectar is the wind,
My ambrosia the dew,
Whose iris-drops are twined,
Round my coronal of blue.

And there's a little brook,
Goes singing round my nook,
Wherein I often look,
At a pretty little flower !

The birds from every spray,
Their rural concert play,
While I listen all the day,
In my pretty little bower !

The poet doats on me ;
I'm as happy as can be,
When he looks so lovingly
In my pretty little face !
I blush beneath his eyes,
And my soul, in fragrant sighs,
Goes gushing to the skies,
From its little dwelling-place !



THE STARS.

ORBS of beauty, wheeling slowly
On your everlasting way ;
Worlds of glory, pure and holy,
Shining in sublime array,—
What profound emotions move me,
As upon your hosts I gaze !
As your splendours, far above me,
Suns eternal, brightly blaze !

OH FOR A SONG TO CHARM MANKIND:

Happy beings! now abiding
In your blissful seats above!
Happy spirits! now residing
In yon palaces of love!
To a mortal, lowly bending
On the shores of death and crime,
Bid a ray of love, descending,
Sing your glory-brightened clime!

Suns of splendour! brightly beaming
Through the ebon-vault of night,
From your shores of grandeur streaming
Comes a messenger of light!
Sighing, yet amidst your glory
Shall the soul exulting soar;
When the Alps with age are hoary,
When the Andes are no more!



OH FOR A SONG TO CHARM MANKIND!

Oh for a song to charm mankind!
And light with truth their blindness;
To send a thrill through every mind,
Melting all to kindness!

Around the warring world to roll,
Like notes from heaven descending,
And wake the chords of every soul
To music—never ending !

Look on the present !—on the past !—
By blood and battle blotted,
By scowling ignorance overcast,
Its leprosy o'erspotted !
Then tell me what we gain by strife,
But anguish-blasted nations !
A bloomless heart, and budless life,
'Mid murder's desolations.

Oh let us have a nobler world,
With peace presiding o'er us,
Be discord from the nations hurled,
Never more to gore us !
Let's try the pleasures love can bring,
By blessing one another ;
Extract from life its direst sting,
The sting of hate—my brother !

For in this wilderness of woe,
Where ignorance has thrust man,
There is a truth divine to know,
Diviner still to trust—man !
That charity all-powerful is,
All evils to dispel—man !
To make that world a heaven of bliss,
Our ignorance makes a hell—man !

Oh tell me not, I do but dream
A vain Utopian vision !
That never here on man shall beam
The light of days Elysian !
The present, in its grossness, may
Felicity despise—man !
But from the future dawns a day
When nations shall be wise—man !

Oh for a song to rouse mankind !
And light with truth their blindness ;
To send a thrill through every mind,
Melting all to kindness !
Around a warring world to roll,
Like notes from heaven descending,
To wake the chords of every soul
To music—never ending !



SONNET,

WRITTEN AFTER READING DR. SPENCER T. HALL'S BEAUTIFUL
VOLUME "THE PEAK AND THE PLAIN."

DELIGHTFUL book ! if I could but express
Thy charms, as thou dost nature's charms pourtray,
What splendid eloquence and exquisiteness
Would thrill and tremble in this little lay !

Like painted windows, which combine the day,
 In gorgeous pictures round some glorious fane,
 So do thy pages, picturesque, display
 The lights and shadows of the Peak and Plain,—
 Changing to music of each varying strain,
 Now like the torrent down the mountain springing,
 Now murmuring through rich lowland groves again,
 Of sun-lit fields and pleasant pastures singing;
 Many-faced nature mirroring as a whole,
Seen with the painter's eye, *felt* by the poet's soul!



AFAR IN THE DEEP IS A BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

AFAR in the deep is a beautiful isle,
 Where the flowers ever bloom, and the skies ever smile!
 Where the day has no shade, and the night has no gloom,
 But the glory's unveiled in the depth of the dome!
 'Tis the Garden where man in his innocence smiled,
 'Tis the Eden whence man in his guilt was exiled!
 Yet standing, to-day, in the place where it stood,
 But walled by the mountain, and washed by the flood;
 Oh! to flee to that land, like a bird to its nest!
 Oh! to sleep on the soil of that isle of the blest!
 To roam through its bowers! to sing by its streams!
 To breathe in its breath! and to bask in its beams!

There, no sigh sours the air! there, no tears taint the sod!
 But each pulse of its life sends up music to God!
 There, no frown is e'er seen, for there hate is unknown,
 And Reason and Love rule the land of their own!
 Where soul smiles on soul, as their life-fountains sing,
 And heart kisses heart! in their winterless spring!
 Where spirits descend, as in nature's first prime,
 Like shooting-stars fall o'er that glory-lit clime!
 While the smiles of God blaze o'er that paradise-light,
 As the day-burst of heaven comes over our night!
 Oh! to fly to that land, like a bird to its nest!
 Oh! to sleep on the soil of that isle of the blest!



OH THERE IS NO ANGUISH WHEREIN WE CAN LANGUISH.

On there is no anguish wherein we can languish,
 So bitter as that which the fortitude tries,
 When loving hearts sever, for ever and ever,
 To meet again never, except in the skies!

And earth has no treasure, oh! life has no pleasure,
 Equal to that which affection imparts;
 In the hour of delight, love! when two lovers plight, love!
 The vows that unite, love! congenial hearts!

ALFRED THE GREAT.

[This truly great monarch was born in 849, and died in 901. During a reign of nearly 30 years, his genius and wisdom established, if they did not entirely found, the liberties and glories of England.]

A THOUSAND years have rolled away,
Since o'er the garden of the sea
Arose great Alfred's natal day,
The lawgiver of liberty !

Oh ! but for lyre and soul to sing,
In strains majestic as his fame,
A lay to England's greatest king,
A song to her sublimest name !

'Twas Alfred tamed the lawless Dane,
And beat him back from England's shore ;
'Twas Alfred's fleet first round the main
The flag of future greatness bore.

He stamped his genius on his race,
Gave liberty to be their law ;
The Briton's boast to him we trace,
The Saxon-soul from him we draw.

The acorn, planted by his hand,
Has flourished to the stately tree !
The pride for ages of the land,
The oak of English liberty !

And loftier yet that tree shall tower,
And broader still its boughs dilate,
Till freedom's branches, like a bower,
Spread round an enfranchis'd state!

Lo! far beyond the western main,
A world to Alfred all unknown,
Has borne his genius there to reign,
And made the soil its altar-throne!

Behold! the conquests of the wise,
The triumphs of the truly great;
Above the blasts of war they rise,
Superior to the shocks of fate!

Bad institutions still decay,
Emphatic time affirms the good;
Thy spirit, Alfred! reigns to-day,
And guards this hour—thy country's blood!*

The Norman sword carved out the land,
But what's an arm against a soul?
A moment William may command,
But Alfred rules as ages roll.

But take away one glorious mind
From history, Alfred's laws erase;
Bewildered now might rove mankind,
Without the Pharos of the race.

* Written in 1848.

For he first planted freedom here,
Her germ he cradled on the isle ;
Without that germ and planter, where
Should we now look for freedom's smile ?

Adversity first made him sage,
And piety 'twas made him great ;
To civilize a barbarous age,
Regenerate a sinking state.

To elevate a grovelling land,
He summoned learning to our shores ;
And learning came at his command,
The learning that enkindled yours.

He founded Oxford's ancient walls,
He set the stream of truth aflow ;
And bade, from wisdom's reverend halls,
Her light to future ages go.

Lo ! learning—liberty in law,
Through thirty ages chant thy fame ;
Oh ! Royal Sage ! from thee we draw,
All that ennobles England's name.

Though mild and merciful his sway,
His justice, with unfaltering sword,
Compelled corruption to obey,
And smote oppression's tyrant horde.

And whilst the monarch we revere,
Who reigned but for his subjects' weal,
The *man* to memory shall be dear,
While brains can think or hearts shall feel.

In peace, with philosophic mind,
He played the philanthropist's part ;
Sweet charity his bosom shrined,
To balm with help the poor man's heart.

We think with pleasure on the scene
Where Alfred left the bread to burn :
More interest that excites, I ween,
Than all your modern state can earn.

A poet, like the Hebrew king,
The monarch-minstrel's skilful hand
Could strike the lyre, behold him sing
Before the Danish warrior's band !

Regard him as a man, or king,
His character transcendent towers :
The future to his feet shall bring
Their meed of love, to mix with ours.

Oh Alfred ! since thy dying hour.
What triumphs time o'er kings hath won !
Thy monument is freedom's power !
Thy epitaph is what she's done !

WELLINGTON'S LAST MARCH.

CARRY him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!

Brave!

Before, behind, the advancing car, move in sublime array!
Slowly along, an empire's throng crowding around his clay!
Clay!

Thro' the city vast, whose thousand towers o'er Thames
imperial gleam,
Down streets immense, a nation moving, like its mighty
stream. Stream!

By shops, and squares, and palaces, whose stately heights
afar,
Two vast, majestic walls of life rise darkly o'er the car.
Car!

An army marching in the van, an army in the rear,
With a remnant few of the soldiers true, he led, beside
his bier. Bier!

A remnant few of the thousands true, falling fast as the
signal ran,
If we're beaten to-day, what will England say? we must
stand and die to a man! Man!

But now he is gone, and no more he'll arise, to be hailed
by the clarion's breath,

Then carry the conqueror slowly on—slowly on his last
march of death. Death!

Pealing the solemn funeral dirge, the dirge sublime of the
brave,

The march of doom, from the womb to the tomb, the march
of man to the grave! Grave!

It was no brand in an alien land, which smote our
mightiest low,

He fell by the dart which can strike to the heart, more
sure than a foreign foe! Foe!

Then carry him slowly, slowly along, borne on his glisten-
ing pall,

He has fought his last fight, he has fallen by the might of
the foe that shall conquer all! All!

Sounding the solemn funeral dirge, the dirge sublime of
the brave,

The march of man since time began, the march of death to
the grave! Grave!

That arm no more shall armies wield, nor empires sway
that brain,

We shall never look upon his like, upon his like again.

Again!

Our Sword and Shield on many a field, he scattered our
foes afar,
As to victory, through a hundred fights, he rode through
the smoke of war. War!

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!
Brave!

Oh never may we have to say, as Scotland of Dundee,
In danger's power, but for an hour, oh Wellington, of thee!
Thee!

Oh never more, around our shore, may such dread thun-
ders roll,
As those whose shock broke on the rock of that Titanian
soul. Soul!

Bear him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!
Brave!

Where is the Moderator now, extremes shall reconcile?
Now Peel is gone, and Wellington, the guardians of our
isle. Isle!

Duty aye the conscience was, which did his genius guide,
Unto the loftiest, steadiest height, e'er throned ambition's
pride. Pride!

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!
Brave!

Of all the mighty captains, whose great deeds fame doth
rehearse,
We cannot scarce discover one, but met some great reverse;
Reverse!

Excepting him, whose life in years and fortune all surpass'd,
Whose genius and whose glory shone unclouded to the last.
Last!

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!
Brave!

Intoxicated by success, great Alexander died,
Cut off by his prosperity in pomp of all his pride.
Pride!

Great Hannibal saw Carthage fall, and poison took to save
Himself from those all-conquering hands, which dug his
country's grave.
Grave!

Great Pompey fled from Cæsar but Septimius' blow to
feel,
Great Cæsar Rome enslaved, and fell by fate's avenging
steel.
Steel!

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!

Brave!

How Marlborough's glory set in gloom, let history's pages
tell,

How from his eyes, before he died, the tears of dotage fell!

Fell!

Napoleon Europe desolated, decimated France,
To die in exile, far away in ocean's lone expanse.

Expanse!

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!

Brave!

Of all the foremost captains whose great deeds fame doth
rehearse,

We cannot scarce discover one but met some great reverse;

Reverse!

Excepting him whose life in years and fortune all surpass'd,
Whose genius and whose glory shone unclouded to the last.

Last!

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!

Brave!

Whose foresight met the brunt of war upon Iberia's strand,
Checkmating there the power whose game was pointed at
our land. Land !

Whose name imperishable lives, whose fame can never fall,
Who fought, not nations to enslave, but to enfranchise all.
All !

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!
Brave !

Who broke the yoke of the barb'rous power of the world-
invading Hun,
That we might freely think and work, and achieve the
progress won. Won !

What was his secret of success? Oh, thoughtful student
find !
Pourtray the winning model for the British soldier's mind !
Mind !

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—
Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave!
Brave !

But *one* on history's martial page with Wellington can vie,
'Tis *he*, the Sirius of the orbs which brighten glory's sky,
Sky !

Washington—and Wellington, two chiefs of twin-like
hearts,

Who, if exchanged each other's spheres, had surely played
each other's parts.

Parts !

Carry him away—away to glory's grave—

Solemnly—and slowly—to the music of the brave !

Brave !

Bear him along, through a nation's throng, of whom fame
doth rehearse,

His long career mischance did ne'er eclipse with one
reverse !

Reverse !

To the mighty dome, beside the tomb of the hero of
Trafalgar,

On sea and shore shall rise no more such demigods of war.

War !

Let its mighty bell, deep booming tell, your farewell to
the brave,

Let its thunder wake, till your city shake, as ye take him
to the grave.

Grave !

Let the thousands all, round the death-black hall, with its
crown of burning flame,

Speak Britain's awe, as round ye draw the catafalque of
his fame.

Fame !

Prince, priest, and peer, around his bier with patriot
reverence draw,
Whose glory 'twas to yield to peace, but never yield to
war. War!

Let the organ play above his clay as he rests beneath the
dome,
A requiem roll to his kingly soul, as he sinks into his
tomb! Tomb!

Ten centuries hence they perhaps will find a skull within
a grave,
"Here dwelt the mind who baffled aye the bravest of the
brave." Brave!

"Whose genius fortune's chess combined in moves as
science true,
"Who rode like Victory o'er the earth, from Assaye to
Waterloo." Waterloo!

As low he lies in death's abyss, breathe slow the solemn
prayer,
Then thunder-knell the soldier's farewell to the soldier
sleeping there. There!

Thunder! thunder-knell! Britain's farewell to the soldier
and statesman there,
Thunder! thunder! thunder-knell! mankind's farewell
to the mighty slumbering there! There!

To the mighty ! to the mighty ! to the mighty ! left slumbering there !

To the mighty ! to the mighty ! to the mighty ! left slumbering there !
There !



THE TRENT.

BRIGHTEST Trent ! my brilliant theme !

May it to this song be given,
To flow melodious as thy stream,
Mirroring thee, as thou dost heaven !

Thou hast beauty to delight
Every heart and every eye ;
When thy water, silver-bright,
Flows beneath a summer sky.

When the wintry tempest raves,
Among the distant waving trees,
And the hoarse murmuring of thy waves
Is blending with the roaring breeze.

When, swollen by incessant rains,
Thy waters stately float along,
Impetuous rushing down the plains,
Gushing their exultant song.

When the moon's soft trembling rays,
 Flickering o'er thy bosom gleam,
And with wild phosphoric blaze,
 Dance along thy placid stream.

O'er the fields of fairest green,
 Which thy waves of light adorn,
Often have we wandering been,
 Upon many a sunny morn !

Resting in the shady grove,
 Underneath the bowering trees,
Nature's minstrels perched above,
 Accompanying fancy's reveries.

Pondering on the days of yore,
 When the Ancient Briton stood,
Musing on the silent shore,
 While he watched thy rolling flood.

What strange tales could'st thou relate
 Of the vanished times of eld !
What vicissitudes of fate
 Has thy tranquil stream beheld !

Earth has not a fairer scene
 Than the valley, down which sweep
Thy glitt'ring waves, through meadows green,
 Hastening to their parent deep.

Countless centuries thou hast rolled,
 Winding on thy devious course ;
 And for centuries yet untold,
 Shall unfailing be thy source !

Generations yet unborn
 Shall delighted on thee gaze,
 As we look on thee this morn,
 Sparkling in the summer-blaze.

Some like us perchance may dream,
 Of the days no more to be ;
 When thy bright familiar stream
 Met their wild forefathers' e'e.

Brightest Trent ! my brilliant theme !
 Would unto this song 'twere given,
 To flow melodious as thy stream,
 Mirroring thee, as thou dost heaven !



SONNET.

SWEET MARION !

BEFORE my spirit finds its place of rest,
 It fain would wander to my angel's room ;
 Hovering one moment o'er her most innocent breast,
 Like the wind sighing o'er white violet bloom ;

Lighting the brow chaste as a marble tomb,
Breathing a prayer of blessing o'er my flower !
Dreaming in music-songs to heaven's far dome ;
Smiling in stars above her bliss-fraught bower ;
Fading away, as fades the sunset hour ;
Touching her delicate cheek, and so to die
Brightening her tresses like this moonlight-shower ;
Bearing her pity with me to the sky,
Whence it again might halos round her fling,
Fair as the Bow with beauty wreathes the Spring !




A SUMMER SONG.

How brightly beams the sun !
How sweetly streams the morn !
How swift the shadows run
Along the waving corn !
As borne across the leas,
The light clouds' white array,
Suspended on the breeze,
In distance melts away.

The lark in sunshine floats,
And, bathed in ambient air,
Breathes over earth the notes
By love first taught it there ;

The tiny trilling throng
With music fill the vale,
And tell, in gushing song,
Life's soft seductive tale.

How clear is all around !
How fair is all beneath !
How soft is every sound !
How sweet is every breath !
The earth below so green !
The heaven above so blue !
While morning gems the scene
With dazzling drops of dew !



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NOTTINGHAM.

Oh brave old tower ! how many an age
Hath viewed aloft thy reverend form,
Through summer's smile, and winter's rage,
Defy the breeze, and brave the storm !

Enwrapp'd within the mantle hoar,
Which centuries have around thee spread,
Proud dost thou, grey old giant ! soar,
The grand old guardian of the dead !

Though Time, beneath whose power at length,
The mightiest, as the meanest, bow,
Had shook thy frame, and shocked thy strength,
And broke the crown that peaked thy brow ;

To pristine strength we see, to-day,
Thy wasted walls by skill restored,
And in the shrine the children pray,
Where God, of old, the sires adored.

Enthroned upon thy lordly height,
We view thine antlered crest afar,
And, glittering in the morning light,
Thy vane shines, like the morning star.

Oh ! tall old Titan ! what to thee
Is all our puddle-storm of cares ?
Thou liftest up thine head to see
Beneath thee march a thousand years !

The bones of ages round thee lie,
The present, future, 'fore thee falls ;
The centuries 'neath which empires die,
Scarce cast a shadow on thy walls.

When roaming by Trent's placid stream,
I've seen thine image glassed below ;
Thence shalt thou, square-browed giant ! gleam,
When Trent no more for me shall flow.

Beneath the night's star-lighted pall,
I love to watch the waning moon
Play whitely o'er thy windowed wall,
While from thine organ peals a tune.

From meadows green, which lie this hour,
Below thee, like a carpet, spread,
All love to see thee, stately tower !
Lift o'er the town thy regal head.

Hast thou, majestic fane ! been reared
But to imagination's dream ?
Have but a phantom, ages feared,
Which flies from reason's morning beam ?

Oh ! all our wisdom may mislight,
E'en powerful reason lead astray ;
But instinct ever points aright,
And instinct taught mankind to pray.

The birds from instinct build their nest,
And warm their eggs to hatch their kind ;
Does knowledge thus inspire the breast ?
Does reason thus foreteach the blind ?

And many a shrine on many a shore,
Affirm the noblest instinct given,
Which prompts all nations to adore,
And build on earth a hope for heaven.

The grandest structures man could rear,
If doubt be right, are vainly piled;
But heaven, ere knowledge could appear,
Bid instinct cheer the ignorance-wild.

Oh! brave old tower! how many an age
Shall see aloft thy stately form,
'Mid lightning's fire, and thunder's rage,
Defy the blast, and brave the storm!



THERE'S A WORLD SHINING NOW.

THERE'S a world shining now through the shadow of night,
Rolling lovely along through the infinite blue,
The sheen of whose shores is like delicate light,
By skies overarched ever changing their hue!

There, stars of all colours in clusters arise,
Combined in great systems of gorgeous display,
Ever forming fresh groups as they wheel through the skies,
In sublime constellations of dazzling array!

Bright opaline flowers the landscape adorn,
Each fairer than any to earth ever given,
The blush of their bloom casting light like the morn,
When radiant it bursts through the orient of heaven!

The seas grandly spread like our firmament round,
The mountains arise like immensity's dome,
And rivers, like rainbows, rush over a ground
As fair as the love-star our night doth illume !

From the souls that ascend to that beautiful shore,
All wasted and wan with the sufferings of clay,
All sorrows and sins fall like leaves, as they soar
Through the portals of peace to that paradise-day !

In the shadowless glory which shines ever there,
To no spirit a shade of our sorrow can cling ;
Blighted hopes bloom anew from the heart of despair,
Like flowers from a tree in the sunshine of spring !

As the blood of health gushes in bliss through the brain,
Like music, joy flows through the nerves of the heart,
And Eden restores to her exiles again
The happiness from them no more shall depart !

The joy which has fled, the love that has fled,
The youth which has faded and left us forlorn,
Return back again, like God's life to the dead,
Immortal to smile in that paradise-morn !

More softly than zephyrs sigh over our flowers,
More sweetly than sunbeams the maiden-rose kiss,
Soul sighs over soul in those beautiful bowers !
Heart pulses to heart in their sorrowless bliss !

The dreams of delight to which boyhood gives birth,
The hope of the love to our innocence given,
Oh ! the love that we sigh for so vainly on earth
Comes embracing us there with the rapture of heaven !

There, Virtue unveileth her angel-white breast,
Smiling lovely as Innocence, radiant as Truth,
With hair flowing round her, like gold down the west,
Rekindles the heart with the worship of youth !

Mind passes through mind, like the wind through the trees,
The soft touch of beauty thrills bliss through the soul,
Life mingles with life, like the breeze with the breeze,
Each reigning o'er all with unbounded control !

In bands of bright sisters, like Orion's stars,
They flash o'er that heaven of glory and might,
Ever float in white clouds o'er their palaces' spars,
To musical thunderings of glorious delight !



SONG.

How dull is the lustre of riches !
How dark is the brightness of fame !
How paltry the glory that witches
Ambition to toil for a name !

Compared with the radiance of beauty,
 (Divinest creation of Jove!)
 We think to be happy's a duty;
 We're sure to be happy's to love!

Then rest thy head, love! on a bosom
 Whose tenant beats only for thee,
 Thy charms as my arms now enclose them,
 Give life's dearest raptures to me!

I vow, by the transports they give me,
 Thee! only thee to adore!
 Can I look on that face and deceive thee?
 Or kiss thee and not come for more?



THE SERAPH TEMPTER.

“And the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they
 were fair.”—*Genesis, c. vi., v. 2.*

DAUGHTER of earth! with the smile on thy cheek,
 Too sweet for the tongue of a seraph to speak!
 Oh graceful creation! the last and the best,
 Of Him who all worlds with all beauty hath blest!
 As I gaze on that face so entrancingly fair,
 I melt to a sigh, and I turn to a tear!

And charmed from my seat in a star-fretted shrine,
I woo thee, fair child of the earth, to be mine !
Oh ! waste not thy smiles on the stern son of pride,
But come to the arms of affection, my bride !
Away, like a meteor, we'll shoot toward the seven,
Shining, like stars, as we're soaring through heaven !
I'll bear thee away, to a region of bliss,
With sky still more fair than the heaven, love ! of this !
I'll waft thee afar to a region of light,
Unclouded by sorrow, undarkened by night !
And there we'll repose upon light-blushing flowers,
More fair than the dawn of thy paradise-bowers !
Like an ocean, infinity round us shall roll,
Each billow, a universe flashing through thy soul !
The sighs of the stars, and the songs of the seas,
The music which floats in that glory-lit breeze,
Shall break from my harp, and shall burst from my
 lyre,
And breathe my adorings in leapings of fire !
Oh sweeter than music ! more blissful than bliss !
Shall my life gush through thine, and thy life blush
 through this !
Then come to the pinions ! before thee that wave !
Then come, love ! away from the land of the grave !
With a touch of my lips, by a kiss on thy brow,
Immortal, unfading, I render thee now !
If man with his world thou can'st dare to resign,
And pillow thy spirit's affections on mine !
Like birds of the air, through the ether we'll rove,
My Fairer than beauty ! my Lovelier than love !

More dear than myself to myself thou shalt be !
 More dear than the heaven I renounce, love ! for thee !
 Then say thou consentest, whate'er may befall,
 My angel to be, love ! my heaven ! and my all !



SONNET,

TO THE FOUNDER OF THE MIDLAND OBSERVATORY.

LAWSON ! thy noble memory ne'er can die,
 For thy renown eternalized shall be,
 In all the records of the star-lit sky,
 By truths that man shall from thy temple see ;
 Like a bright star, thy soul shall blaze on high,
 Lighting the future of astronomy ;
 Science rejoices in thee, glorious sage !
 And at the spirit wherewith thine is met—
 They both do honour to our land and age,
 Giving a promise that shall flourish yet ;
 When Lawson shall be in our Pantheon set,
 These words graved on his cenotaph of stone—
 " Behold a sage whom earth can ne'er forget,
 He studied other worlds to bless his own ! "

THE PRAYER OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED MAIDEN.

On ! that with swift, sky-piercing wing,
 My prisoned soul could upwards soar ;
 And shoot away with star-beam spring,
 Unto some heaven-surrounded shore !

Away ! from this low life ! away !
 To spheres yon orbs eternal span,
 From death's dark night to life's bright day,
 Away from sighs, and tears, and man !

My aching, aching heart, to rest
 Upon some world of softest green :
 There sleep upon my sister's breast,
 'Neath fairest skies of purest sheen !

Whose waters of serenest roll
 Along a clime unknown to woe ;
 Should lull my weary, weary soul
 In peace as deep as angels know !

To feel God's soft and soothing hand
 Laid cool upon my burning brow,
 And charm away the scorching brand
 Of agony that wastes me now !

Oh! from this deadly house of crime,
 By wrongs and treachery darkened o'er,
 To soar to some serener clime!
 To fly to some diviner shore!

CLIFTON GROVE.

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO
 W. H. WYLIE, ESQ.

GREEN grove of Clifton! by Trent's happy river,
 Your masses of foliage magnificent rise;
 High o'er the water the tall branches quiver,
 Where birds sweetly warble their hymns to the skies.
 From the dark arch where the tall beech is planted,
 To the red cliff the stream overhangs like a wall,
 Like a glade of the forest by Robin Hood haunted,
 Thy palace of verdure lies open to all!

Bower of the bard who in silence is sleeping,
 A martyr, struck down in the dawn of his fame!
 No more he returns to the stream by you sweeping,
 Nor visits yon tree that he marked with his name.
 Long hushed the fine spirit, and broken the lyre,
 That breathed forth your charms in that eloquent lay,
 That shall live when the beauty it breathes shall expire,
 And charm when the glory it sings shall decay.

Green grove of Clifton! bright through your boughs
glancing,

Stray sunbeams at intervals fall on your green ;
And with the dark shadows—retreating—advancing—
Mock darkness and day, as they dance o'er the scene ;
While blandly the wind o'er the foliage is blowing,
And rustling each leaf to the gush of the breeze,
While grandly below you the river is flowing,
Reflecting the heaven that smiles through the trees.

Green grove of Clifton! what memories hang o'er thee !

Oft we have wandered by Trent's witching shore,
And with hopes once as rich as the branches before me,
Here danced to the music that wakens no more !
Again your green aisle, with its Gothic arch shading,
In all the fresh pride we first viewed is displayed ;
Renewed is your summer when ours fast is fading,
And vernal your leaves when our hopes have decayed.

Green grove of Clifton! though vanished our boyhood,

We'll visit your glade in some fair eve of June ;
Yet lingers the spirit which brightened life's joyhood,
When pleasure danced "*Payne's*" by the light of the
moon.


If the rapture of hope we no more can awaken,

The music of memory shall echo its strain !
Though spring with her rosebuds our path has forsaken,
Our summer here we'll crown with the flowers that
remain !

SONNET,

WRITTEN OVER THE TOMB OF BYRON.

How cold below the bosom lies,
Whose burning heart but death could tame ;
Whose soul flashed over earth and skies,
As streams some mountain's stormy flame ;
Intense, vehement as the blaze,
Which blinds amid the thunder's motion,
His thoughts flashed out, like mighty rays
The aurora flings o'er space's ocean ;
Like stars around creation spring,
His thoughts o'er every nation fly,
And fling, to future ages fling,
The language but with man shall die.
While calmly slumbers, in this narrow place,
The intensest poet of the passion-race.



OH THAT THE LIGHT OF LOVE WOULD FALL !

OH that the light of Love would fall,
Like sunshine, over every mind !
And dissipate, this hour, the pall
Which ignorance hangs o'er all mankind !

Immortal minds, with starry glow,
 Illume the soaring vault of time ;
But, ah ! the mass are blind below
 'To what would render life sublime !

Along the thorny paths we go,
 Our fathers, in their darkness, trod ;
Where dreary doubt, and weary woe,
 Still blind to love ! to truth ! to God !

There, noble natures call for light !
 There, stricken bosoms ask for love !
There, nations perish, lost in night,
 Which darkens all the suns above !

Oh, man ! oh, world ! no longer stray
 Along the stormy paths of ill !
There is to happiness a way
 Which we may find, if we but will !

Away with doubt ! away with fear !
 Have faith in truth, and trust in man !
And lo ! the sweetest age is here,
 The world hath seen since it began !

Shall blessing aye to cursing yield ?
 Truth ever be eclipsed by lies ?
To Hate shall Love resign the field,
 Where man bereaved of mercy dies ?

Ere round her orbit earth revolve,
 Oh Love! on every bosom shine!
 And life and death's enigmas solve,
 With light, world-brightening, and divine!

A helping hand for every soul!
 A pitying heart for every pain!
 And back the clouds of time we roll,
 To Eden's sighless years again!

With Charity, great as the skies,
 Enclasping earth's eternal ball!
 Oh man! towards Heaven's vast goodness rise,
 Embracing each! encircling all!

Upon obdurate bosoms pour
 Soul-melting mercy, in a stream;
 More mighty than the thunder's roar,
 More glorious than the solar beam!

World-darkening crime beneath the day
 Of soul-dissolving, Christian love,
 Shall melt, as snow-flakes melt away,
 Beneath the burning sun above!

Oh, Love! with sweet electric touch,
 Run through the universal heart!
 Of Thee we cannot have too much
 To heal o'er Hatred's blister-smart!

Arise, oh Good ! to brighten all !

Gush all Thy grace through nature's veins ;

Bid pain no more our life enthrall !

Bid, shattered, fall creation's chains !



'Twas happiness to touch her garment's
hem.

'Twas happiness to touch her garment's hem,

And feel my guardian angel at my side ;

Watching her feminine ways, and charmed by them,

Feel all my blood to her sweet influence glide.

Marion ! my angel-wife ! my spirit-bride !

Smile of my world ! and splendour of my sky !

Bosom of love ! where all my thoughts abide,

Never shall I on that sweet bosom sigh !

Die, shattered heart ! to sense and feeling die !

Like the last broken sob of Sappho's lyre !

Kissed by a tear of love from Marion's eye,


Sighing thy life out at her feet, expire !

Expire at her feet, with her tears upon thee falling,

Passing slowly to the starless night from which there's
no recalling !

OH ! MY SWEET ANGEL ! WHY ART THOU
NOT NEAR ME ?

Oh ! my sweet angel ! why art thou not near me ?
To smile tranquillity upon my breast
With love divine, as thou inspir'st to cheer me,
Kissing this forlorn heart to blissful rest !
'Tis not the storm most strongly moves the ocean,
It is the fair moon's soft and delicate day
Kisses its billows into mad emotion,
The waves must follow, and the storm obey !
And from thy presence, Marion ! something gushing,
Swayeth my being with a more powerful spell,
Than the fair moonlight over ocean blushing,
Heaving its waters to their tidal swell :
Turning my spirit sick with bliss and sorrow ;
Feeling thy smile, or banished from thy morrow !



SHE SMILES IN HEAVEN.

SHE smiles in heaven, my soul receding back
From her bright presence, ever, evermore !
My life shall never climb love's radiant track,
Never, oh ! never to her bosom soar !

Worshipping her ev'n *reason* must adore !

My heart is dumb, my very brain seems dead,
A leafless tree no Spring shall e'er restore,

The being droops whose every hope is fled !
Fall, richest blessings ! fall on Marion's head !

If her young feet e'er wander nigh my grave,
Oh, let the graces of her spirit shed

Kisses on death, like those to life they gave !
Only one sweet thought now, love ! lives with me,
'Twill die but with me, love !—thy memory !



OH ! SINLESS ANGEL ! EVER BRIGHT
AND FAIR !

Oh ! sinless angel ! ever bright and fair !

My heart is pining now to view thy form !
Over this desolate darkness, love ! appear !

Calm as God's heaven arising o'er the storm !
Thy smiles shed through my soul such peace divine,
I'm dying now to feel that bliss again !
Oh ! brighten my death with that sweet life of thine,
And with thy pleasure banish all my pain !
Or with thy last smile break this heart of mine,
All pain and scorn I'll love that thou can'st give !

'Twere sweet to die, if I must thee resign,
Dying is life, love ! when 'tis death to live !
Oh ! gazing on thy charms, may my soul and body
sever !
Dying slowly in thy arms, sighing, thou art lost for ever !

AS ALONE O'ER A PINE-COVERED MOUNTAIN
WE WANDERED.

As alone o'er a pine-covered mountain we wandered,
The light of the sinking sun faded away ;
And while on the glories of nature we pondered,
The shadows of evening fell dark on our way.
The birds in their moss-woven couches were hiding,
The sleeping woods breathed their perfume on the breeze,
The mist down the valley went silently gliding,
And night, with her mantle o'ershaded the seas.

But soon the bright moon through the fair stars revolving,
In all the full blaze of her beautiful sheen,
Every thought, every feeling in pleasure dissolving,
Arose from the billows to silver the scene ;
Below us the mist-whitened plain faintly shimmered,
The mountain arose like Sublimity's throne,
A speck on the ocean each distant sail glimmered,
And round them the waters all tranquilly shone.

With nature thus sleeping in silence around us,
 Beneath her soft radiance we journeyed along,
 No discord was there, with its presence to wound us,
 And the voice of our spirit gushed forth in a song.
 'How lovely is life! oh! how rich are the treasures'
 Existence for man in its bosom enspheres!
 Ah! when will he waken to heart-thrilling pleasures,
 'And shake off the sorrows that darken his years!'


'In vain are the splendours of heaven spread o'er him,'
 In systems magnificent grandly arrayed!
 In vain spread the flowers of creation before him,
 In the light of their beauty divinely displayed!
 He heedeth them not, he is blind to their shining!
 Deaf to their music! and dead to their bliss!
 Bewildered in error, his soul lies repining
 'At the God who has granted a being like this!'

'Arise from the tomb which so long hath enshrouded thee,'
 To bask in the beams of love's beautiful days!
 And the mists of the darkness for ages have clouded thee,
 'Shall vanish at once in their soul-lighting blaze!'
 Thus singing we journeyed, the night breezes sighing
 Amid the deep woods, as we wended along,
 And while on the air its last echoes were dying,
 The voice of the nightingale took up our song!

THE WHITE CLOUDS OF SPRING.

SILVER ships of the aerial seas,
Tossing away on the southern breeze !
Pillows of evening ! couches of morn !
On the billows ethereal borne !
Plumage torn from the breast of spring !
White down cast from her waving wing !
Swift to your dove-like breast I fly,
Calm in your shining folds I lie ;
Breezes from heaven are fanning me now,
Beams from its holiness whiten my brow ;
Listening tranced to your music-falls,
Quiring harps of the viewless halls !
Earth beneath me dizzily spins,
Cargoed with cares, and graves, and sins ;
Oh ! what a storm of strife and woe,
Welling, and swelling, and knelling below !
Man blasts man with the villain's breath !
Life stabs life with the sword of death !
Friend smites friend with the dart of wrong !
Misery curses the laugh of the strong !
Treachery masketh with smiling brow !
Plots it is scheming and weaving now !
No oasis of love and joy
Brightens the desert of man's annoy ;
Bowers of bliss where the soul might fly,
In peace to live, and in peace to die !
Fly, my ship, from the stormy strand !
Sail ! oh, sail to a tranquil land !

Bear me up from the tempest's roar !
Sink no more to the sombre shore !
Waft my being where kindness reigns,
Far ! oh, far from the barbarous plains !
Spread your white wings out, and soar
To a strifeless clime ! to a hateless shore !



A PLEASANT REMINISCENCE.

I SAT within a Cambrian valley many years ago,
And from a mountain's side I watched a waterfall below !
The summer sunshine flushed my cheek, and soft the
zephyr blew,
And hares came sporting on the fern that round about me
grew.
Below straight streamed the cascade, down a high rock
dark and bare,
Slow moving on the mountain green, the goat was brows-
ing there !
And far, oh, far above my seat, that mountain rolled from
view
With white clouds hovering round the steeps, which
proudly pierced the blue ;
Dark waving o'er their haughty heights, I marked the
eagle's wing,
While, warbling in the vale below, I heard the mavis
sing.

Oh ! pleasantly that glorious scene comes over memory now,
 I see the shepherd's form again upon the mountain's brow,
 In silence, like some phantom, stand a moment gazing there,
 Then turn away, and, lost to view, in silence disappear.
 Ah ! happy vale ! again I feel the rapture of the hours
 When seated on your mountain side, amid your summer
 flowers

Again I see the long, long thread of water streaming clear,
 Streak, silvered by the sunshine, down the rocks so dark
 and bare ;

And the vision of your beauty now is flashing in my eyes,
 Your waterfall, your sun-lit dell, your mountain, and your
 skies !



A DREAM.

METHOUGHT an angel, fraught with God's sweet grace,
 Richer than space, where nature's glories shine,
 Came to me, Marion ! with as radiant face,
 A form as fair, a soul as pure as thine !
 I felt the spirit trembling over mine,
 Beneath whose smile the burning stars turn dim ;
 I felt my reason, lost in life divine,
 Flowing like tears in love's eternal hymn !
 Like a fair willow from her seat impending,
 Twining her soft arms round a stricken tree ;

I felt thy beauty o'er my being bending,
 Its tresses spread for ever, love! o'er me!
 Pillowed, sweet sister! on a place of rest,
 Faithful as heaven! a Christian maiden's breast!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING, WHEREIN THE HUMAN SOUL (DEPICTED AS A FEMALE) IS BEAUTIFULLY REPRESENTED AS BEING CONVEYED, IN A STATE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, BY A TROOP OF ANGELS, OVER THE ABYSS OF DEATH, TO THE LAND WHERE THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING, AND THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

BEAR her safely across the brine!
 Carry her far from the sombre sod!
 Waft her away to the strand divine!
 Waft her away to the Father-God!
 Darkly oblivion's waters roar,
 Hell gapes aye for the soul of crime;
 Soar! oh, bright-haired angels! soar!
 Virtue bear to her radiant clime.

She shall never sigh again,
 Oh! she shall never feel sorrow more!
 Fast she fleets from the strand of pain,
 Swift she speeds to the mercy-shore!

Every tear that bedewed her eye,
Every sorrow which panged her breast,
Oh ! for each there's a smile on high !
Oh ! for all there's her Father's rest !

Calmly the broken-hearted sleeps ;
Sweetly innocence slumbereth now ;
Unconscious borne o'er the awful deeps,
Starred by the light of the Saviour's brow.
Fast she fleets from the grave of gloom,
Immortal borne from the mortal sod ;
Oh ! to awake in her Father's home !
Oh ! to live in the light of God !



I WISH VERY MUCH IN THIS FREE LAND
OF OURS.

I wish very much in this free land of ours,
Each soul with its neighbour's could cordially join,
Like musical spirits, uniting their powers,
Till all in a concert harmonious combine ;
Enriching each heart with the feeling of all,
Informing all minds with the reason of each,
Till concord the land should in unity thrall,
More perfect than any we boast in our speech.

Foretaste of that future, when knowledge shall draw
 Men's spirits, like flowers, out in sunshiny weather,
 When friendship, their freedom, and kindness, their law,
 The hearts of mankind shall beat happy together !

For barren of love is this desert of sorrow,
 Whose mirage deceitful but leads us astray !
 You talk of the good of that *bless'd* to-morrow !
 Oh ! let's have a slice ! and a big slice, *to-day* !
 Let us go where we like, let us love whom we please,
 Let us do anything but harm to another !
 The bosoms, as bare as the winter-stripp'd trees,
 Would burst into blossoms in sunshine—my brother !
 In the light of that future, when knowledge shall draw
 Men's spirits, like flowers, out in sunshiny weather,
 When friendship, their freedom, and kindness, their law,
 The hearts of mankind shall beat happy together !



TO A COMET.

Oh ! rover of the boundless deep !
 Oh ! cruiser of the soundless main ;
 From what expanded sphere do'st sweep,
 To our contracted skies again ?

What ages have to being sprung !
What ages have in death decayed !
Since thou last o'er yon mountain hung,
And all our father's hearts dismayed !

Oh ! but to grasp thy hoary mane,
And shoot through space along with thee !
Oh ! courser of creation's plain,
Beyond where science' eye can see !

To glide by many a sighless shore,
To ride o'er many a stormless sea,
'Mid star-lit space to shine and soar,
And roll for ages on with thee !

Where worlds, in beauty-robes arrayed,
Revolve around majestic spheres !
Where love has all its light displayed,
To brighten life's immortal years !

Where sun-voiced systems grandly sing,
To Him who lit creation's day ;
Where, struck by nature's deathless King,
The thunders of his glory play !

Hast looked upon the rayless gloom,
Which walls all worlds and systems round ?
Where matter buds within the womb
Of skyless silence' void profound ?

Or does space still, as on you go,
But brighter yet and brighter blaze,
Till, shrinking from its burning glow,
You turn your glory-blinded gaze ;

And back retrace your trackless way,
Towards our fainter solar shore,
'Mid clouded suns, and darker day,
To cool your burning brow once more ?

We look on thee, and die !—farewell !
Around creation wing thy way !
Till nature heave beneath the swell
This night transforms to setless day !



TO A CLUSTER OF PRIMROSES.

YE pleasant little daughters of the spring !
Pretty primroses ! happy little flowers !
Dwelling together in your leafy bower,
Fair sisters of one jarless family !
Twere sweet to be the life from which ye spring,
Transplanted to some distant vernal dell,
Into whose precincts naught should ever come,
But bees, and birds, and trees, and flowers, and sunshine !

There, wave my coronets of paly gold,
With gentlest southern zephyrs sighing round me,
And kindest dews from heaven distilling on me !
Feeling bright April budding from my heart,
Rising rejoicing from my wintry grave,
In living clusters of undying flowers,
Blooming immortal as the immortal spring !
Exhale your innocent beauty through my soul,
Ye pleasure sighs of earth embraced by heaven !
Garland my spirit with your loveliness,
And breathe your sighless peace into my all !
Oh ! when I die, be some such spot my tomb !
So, perhaps, my death, commingling with your life,
Shall flourish into flowers above my grave !

OH! TAKE ME TO SOME HAPPY SCENE.

Oh ! take me to some happy scene,
Untainted yet by mortal tear ;
Some lovely valley, bright and green,
With only God and nature there !

Where I may wander, like the child
With whom life yesterday began.
Forgetting, in that thornless wild,
All—all the wisdom taught by man !

Where I may all-forgetful lie,
Of that long pain which life has been,
But see the sunlight of the sky,
But feel the music of the scene.

Where I may feel a willow wave
Its tender tresses o'er my head:
Like pity weeping o'er a grave,
Or love upon a dying bed! •

The while, a river, roaming by,
May gush in sweetest murmurs there—
As soothing as a maiden's sigh
Responding to a lover's prayer!

Where I may feel the faith awake,
The instinct of that brighter sphere;
And see, like dawn before me break,
The hope which never bless'd me here!

Where hope may steal along my heart,
Like love's first blush o'er beauty's cheek!
Where bliss may through my being start,
Which angels sigh, but cannot speak!

Where I may lay me down and die,
The pain forgetting life hath been—
Amid the glory of the sky,
Amid the beauty of the scene!

GRACE DARLING'S RESCUE.

A POETICAL CONCERT.

Slow toils the steamer through the rolling seas,
With canvas furled before the stormy breeze,
Staggering she reels for many a watery mile,
Where Bamborough Castle frowns o'er Holy Isle ;
Faint o'er the foam, the sun's expiring light,
One fire-lance hurtles at the approaching night,
Then, masked in clouds, sinks slowly down the west,
And darkness deepens o'er the ocean's breast.

Sombre, more sombre lours the night,
Louder, yet louder roars the breeze,
Up-lashing with tremendous might,
The stormy thunders of the seas.

The big billows leap
From the breast of the deep,
Like the fire-mountains hurled
From the depths of the world,
When they swelter and swell,
Like the boiling of hell ;
The black sea thunders like the tramp of doom,
Whose blast tremendous shall awake the tomb !

Up, on the deck, arose a dreadful cry !
Up, on the deck, the startled sleepers fly !

Sport of the wind, and plaything of the storm,
A helpless log drifts on the steamer's form;
While hearts, unmoved could face the battle's shock,
Quail at these words, "*The captain fears the rock!*"

Courage like a coward quakes,
Fortitude turns into fear,
Faith itself with horror shakes,
Hope becomes despair!

God! as they shout the vessel strikes the rock,
And splits asunder with the mighty shock!
Despairing shrieks ring out her dreadful knell,
As one half rushes down the jaws of hell!

Yet half the ship floats on the sea,
Whereon the shuddering seamen be,
Praying to that Almighty Power,
Whose grace alone can meet this hour!
No friendly fire illumines the wave!
No boat appears dear life to save!
Upon the surges madly tossed,
Our half is wrecked, our all is lost!
Death rises ghastly through the appalling gloom,
To drag us down into our sunless tomb!

Christ! are we doomed to die? can naught be done?
Heaven! must we never see another sun?
Oh, God! yet save us! save us in this hour!
Where ev'n the atheist prays unto Thy power!

Dark lours the dawn across the heaving deep,
Around the isles where white the surges leap,
Upon the wreck where nine poor wretches weep!

Their cries for help come shrieking through the gloom,
Oh! launch the boat and snatch them from the doom!
No! it were maddest frenzy now to try,
To brave yon storm's big billows!— they must die!

“Oh, father! can we timorous stand,
And calmly, coldly see,
Before us die yon forlorn band,
While we in safety be?”

“No! launch the boat! and if you fear
To venture out with me,
I will alone the tempest dare,
And brave the angry sea!”

“Though mountain waves leap at their prey,
Back are their surges hurled,
By Him who sent creation's day
This morn to light the world.”

Away! away on the billows they go!
Tossed by the tempest to and fro;
Angels! look from your radiant hall,
Woman braves death at pity's call!

The broken wreck is still afloat,
Over the water bounds the boat,
To save, oh, Hope! to save!

Who comes amid the tempest's roar?
A woman, labouring at the oar!
Oh, brave heart! noble soul! 'tis done!
The wreck is reached, the shore is won!

Now glory to the All-Benign!

Who watched the wanderers of the wave;
Now glory to the All-Divine!

Whose mercy has preserved the brave:
Oh, angel-maiden! at thy feet they weep,
Whose hand this hour has snatched them from the deep!

Thy goodness, God! through all creation beams,
But ne'er Thy providence so glorious seems,
As when from heaven its mercy-light appears,
To turn to blissful, rapturous smiling—tears!

When Faith forlorn had ceased to pray,
When Hope in tears to heaven had fled,
Thou snatched us from the stormy spray,
Thou savedst us from our briny bed!

Oh, All-Sublime! who o'er the stormy wave,
Thy praying mercy-angel sent to save,

Accept the gratitude we cannot sing,
Love-breathing God ! and life-preserving King !



LIKE THE WINDS THAT SWEEP THE OCEAN.

MARION.

LIKE the winds that sweep the ocean,
Thoughts of thee rush o'er my breast,
Till the tears of fond devotion,
Fall, like rain-drops from the west.

Not the soul of beauty weeping,
When for life two lovers sever ;
Not the exile's memory leaping
To the land that's lost for ever ;

Feel woe's weary hour the yearning,
That so oft is felt by me ;
Oh ! a lifetime spent in mourning
Equals not this sigh for thee !

Never know a touch of sadness !
All the wealth of peace be thine !
Be thy lot all love and gladness !
May it be reverse of mine !

ROBIN HOOD.

COME, sing us a song of the forest days,
And the free hearts flourished then ;
Come, carol a stave that may warble the praise
Of Robin Hood and his men ;
How in old Sherwood's fastness, they
The conquerer's sword defied—
How the bowmen held the barons at bay,
And shook by the beard their pride !

No soulless slaves to kiss the rod,
Or crouch at a tyrant's feet—
Freemen they stood upon Sherwood's sod,
Lords of their green retreat ;
Their couch but a bed of forest-fern,
Their tent but the summer-leaves—
Kind to the poor—stern to the stern—
Robbers only of thieves !

As free as air, as open as day,
Was ever their heart and their hand ;
The life was a brave and romantic play
Of Robin Hood and his band ;
True Saxons all, not men of blood,
No honester rascals then
Where all were robbers, on England stood.
Than Robin Hood and his men !

Then here's to their name, and here's to their fame
 Who wrote with a cloth-yard pen ;
 Here's to Robin Hood, that archer good,
 Here's to all his merry merry men !
 No terror could strike their soul with fear,
 No gibbet their spirit could awe ;
 Right, and left, they struck down the deer,
 And laughed at the forest-law !



SONNET,

TO THE EXCHANGE PUMP, NOTTINGHAM.

OH, Water-Wagtail ! good old operator !
 How many a mouth hath kissed thy metal *mug*,
 Since man, that handy, *dandy* excavator,
 First placed thee o'er the well he had *well* dug.
 Thou art an honest servant of the state,
 A true upright and downright perpendicular !
 The aim and object e'er to elevate
 Of that great *wag*, thy bouncing slantincicular !
 All hands are free to use thy waterpoker,
 And jerk a firkin from the earth's damp maw,
 Yet whoso fill their *mugs* from thine, pawnbroker,
 Must *spout* their nose, before thou'lt *stop their jaw* !
 Long, puncheons pump up for each poor petitioner,
 Oh ! model of a sanitary commissioner !

AT MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE WORLD'S ASLEEP.

At midnight, when the world's asleep,
I love to sit and muse alone ;
And fancy's varied vigils keep,
When all disturbs the mind is flown ;
Then thought sweeps back along the past,
And forward through the time to be,
While rolls before my eyes the vast
Kaleidoscope of memory.

As o'er the camera's canvas fly
The figures of the landscape round,
Which ever pass so quickly by,
They're lost almost before they're found ;
So, gazing on life's shifting scene,
We see not what we sigh to see,
We only view what once has been,
But what for us no more shall be !

The winds afar the exile may take,
As far as farthest billows roll,
Nor time, nor space, nor storm can break
The electric tendrils of the soul !
As star to star, o'er nature's shrine,
Transmit the splendours of their ray,
Heart smiles to heart, across the brine,
The love can but with life decay !

Yet like age, fondly looking back
Upon its first undoubting truth,
As falls across life's hoary track
The memory of its far-off youth,
Like sun-light fading on the shore,
Like moon-light falling on the sea,
We see the brother's smile—no more
Shall unto us imparted be!

SONNET,

ON AN OLD CLOCK.

I'VE ticked man in, I've ticked him out,
Through all the time that I have stood—
Two hundred years, or thereabout—
Mine's a hard case!—of walnut-wood!
What are your years, compared to mine?
The hands that made my hands are clay;
Since first my face on man's did shine,
I've ticked my three score thousandth day;
2,000,000 hours I've nearly clicked,
Of minutes near 5,000,000 score;
6,000,000,000 moments ticked,
And *stand to go* as many more;
Man winds me up, and I go on—
I wind man up—egad! he's gone!

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THEY roved, without pantaloons, free through the land, O!
And wore coats—of paint by no Stultz ever planned, O!
Their cabins were caverns, dug out in the sand, O!
Where they roasted their *hams* by a fire of char-coal!

Tribe fought with tribe, for provisions were *deer*, O!
They warred with the wolf, as they hunted for *bear*, O!
But not suchlike *beer* as we get now! Oh dear, no!
The only *ale* then, sir, was *hail* from the skies!



GO A-HEAD!

Go a-head! never sink under sorrow!
Though tempests beat on you to-day;
Go a-head! till you come to the morrow
Whose glory shall laugh them away;
Go a-head! in hope ever believing,
Despite of whatever befall;
Though reason-like often deceiving,
We can't go without her at all!
Go a-head! in hope ever believing, &c.

Go a-head ! with the bards never bother,
 Though Mary refuse you to-day —
 Go a-head ! fall in love with another—
 By far the most sensible way !
 When troubles you meet, ne'er confound them,
 They're sent to develope your mind ;
 Go over them, through them, or round them,
 Go a-head ! and you'll leave them behind !
 Go a-head ! in hope ever believing, &c.



ODE TO THE STONE-MAN OF WEST BRIDGFORD.

Good mister stone-man, can you tell me who
 The dickens you were made to represent ?
 Was he a Christian, or a kangaroo ?
 You dark, stark, battered, shattered monument !
 If once the fame-stone of a man of battle,
 Who turned you into *rubstone*, say, for cattle ?

Wer't not raised to some anvil-headed knight,
 Who, with two iron arms, like two sledge hammers,
 Oft struck, in Palestine, at Pagan might,
 With slashing blows, smashing like pavours' rammers ?
 'Tis so, what's left of that *left* arm is shielded,
 Denoting one whose *hands* once *arms* have wielded.

What was his name, time, history, ancient figure ?
 How long since thou first challenged man's inspection ?
 How long did't lie *impounded*,* ere a digger
 Found thee *en-graved*, and raised to resurrection ?
 Oh mutilated statue antiquated !
 Fifty years ago here excavated !!

Who put you up first ? then who put you down, sir ?
 Wer't brought from Edwalton, by Cromwell's paw, mon ?
 Who set you up again in Bridgford town, sir ?
 Who carved that stony heart to crack time's jaw on ?
 Where lies your gallant warrior's sarcophagus ?
 Ha'n't you a mouth ? then speak with your œsophagus !

Was he not one could give, or take a thumping ?
 Who, through flood, fire, and fight, went fearless tramping ?
 Who took alike a victory or a bumping ?
 Whom no dismay could daunt, no danger swamp in ?
 A crusade warrior ? a stout navigator ?
 In love or war a jolly old alligator ?

Cased in a hide as tough as my boot soleing,
 Had Mars with war's steel pokers often poked him,—
 Till finding they would never bore a hole in,
 Quite tired at last, despatched old Time, who choked him ?
 I do assure you that we should be glad, sir,
 If you'd his history tell ; we should, egad, sir !

* It lay *drowned* in a pond for fifty years.

Oh ! faithful monument of man's renown,
 Defaced by biped-brutes and time's decay ;
 Thus is his greatest greatness e'er cast down,
 Thus shall his mightiest memories pass away ;
 And soaring fame, aspiring to the sky,
 Cast down to dust, a broken bankrupt lie !



SONNET,

TO J. R. HIND, ESQ., THE ILLUSTRIOUS ASTRONOMER,
 A NATIVE OF NOTTINGHAM.

EIGHT worlds thou hast discovered, write thy name
 Upon the temple of infinity ;
 Inscribing there, in characters of flame,
 J* O* H* N*—R.—H* I* N* D* eternally ;
 Whose genius has enriched astronomy
 With more worlds than discoverer found before ;
 Discovered through our dark immensity,
 Despite the clouds for ever shroud our shore ;
 Though Europe perish, thy proud fame shall soar
 Upon thy rolling worlds, above her fall ;
 Ride other states and times triumphant o'er,
 Until one common ruin darken all ;
 Thy course as calm as stars thou dost survey,
 The poet's—stormy as the seas they sway.

NE’ER REPINE THAT THE BABE TO THY
FONDNESS ONCE GIVEN.

NE’ER repine that the babe to thy fondness once given,
When its tongue just spake, mother! by nature was
ta’en ;

Ne’er deplore that the cherub, now cradled in heaven,
Survived not to weep in this desert of pain.

That innocent soul which affection once brightened,
(A sunbeam on earth, that but lingered a day),
Has returned to the fountain from which it first lightened,
Unsullied its brightness—undarkened its ray.

Then mourn not for that little angel now sleeping
In regions of pleasure, where pain is unknown,—
When seraphs with joy o’er the spirit are weeping,
So early redeemed for a heaven like their own !

Mother bereaved! do not grieve, though thy blossom
Was blighted by death ere its promise could blow ;
By the angel of mercy ’twas borne from thy bosom,
Unwitting of death, and unconscious of woe.

Immortal in Eden, its pulses are bounding
With raptures that nature can only know there ;
The music of heaven around it is sounding,
As sweet to the spirit as our’s to the ear.

Happy young being ! would God back restore thee
Again to the bosom from which thou art flown !
Safe cradled in heaven, and wafted to glory,
Who could wish thy return to a world like our own !



MULATTO SLAVE SONG.

Who pleads for slavery from the skin
Where black and white together blend ?
Where does your slavery's shade begin ?
Where does your pallid freedom end ?
Off with these fetters ! set me free !
You chain your flesh in chaining me !

No plea can justify my wrong !
What can my darker brother's ?—speak !
The plea that justifies the strong
In trampling ever on the weak !
Away, false Christian ! such a plea
Enslaved your race when his were free !

Did God create the black a slave ?
The white his tyrant ? tyrant, no !
His arm as strong, his heart as brave,
His thought as free as thine can flow !
Aspire unto the day shall see
His body like his nature—free !

THE ANGLO-SAXON PRESS.

TEACHER of many hundred million minds !

To whom man's last hope looks with high emotion,
Shedding afar, as free as blow the winds,

The rays of knowledge over earth and ocean,
Where, in the frigid zone, the seaman shivers,

Where, o'er his English book, the Indian smiles,
O'er plains Australian, by Columbian rivers,

As through the valleys of Britannia's isles ;
East, west, north, south, on myriad million pinions,

'Thou waftest seeds whose harvest all shall bless,
Showering ideas through ignorance's dominions,

Quailing, this hour, before the earth-lighting press !
All classes, throughout the vast Saxon States, conjoined
by thee,

In one magnificent world of Reason ! Truth ! Love !
Order ! Right ! and Liberty !



NOTTINGHAM MEADOWS.

“ Farewell ! a long farewell to all your greatness ! ”

FAREWELL to freedom's open green !

Farewell to nature's pleasant scene !

Once spread betwixt the Trent and Leen,

From King's Brook down to Snenton Green.

Oh! when no fences caged the sight,
How pleasant then our meadows were,
Reposing in the morning light,
About as large as Rutlandshire!

Their April robe of brightest green
Sweet May embroidered o'er with gold;
No fairer plain, no freer scene,
Was on the Vernal Isle unrolled!

There you could see the rising sun
Shoot o'er the vale his dawning light,
Around the wide horizon run,
And set behind yon hills at night!

East, west, and north, and south, was spread
A prairie broad, unfenced and free;
When, Nile-like, Trent o'erflowed his bed,
It shone afar, a silver sea!

And oh! heaven seemed to bud from earth,
When, purpling the spacious green,
By acres blossoming to birth,
The crocuses beflowered the scene!

Afar their blue beds seemed like skies,
Fallen down with Spring upon the plain,
And when they caught the wanderer's eyes,
He sighed those azure shores to gain.

While imagination pondering,
 Dreamed the children met its view,
Were God's little cherubs, wandering
 Over fields of fadeless blue!

Oft fancy sate, by Luna's light,
 Upon the hay in summer's prime,
To greet the lovely southern night,
 Arrived to view her sister's clime;

And while her fragrance filled the air,
 And her sweet sighs the senses wooed,
Perused God's poesy written here,
 On nature's star-lit vastitude.

How cheerful smiled your Autumn face,
 As shaven off your summer beard,
In dark relief, round your bright space,
 The sombre trees and groves appeared.

The traveller crossing o'er the plain,
 Well pleased beneath the cheerful skies,
Saw, like Genoa towers from the main,
 The Town of Caves before him rise.

The hoary rock, and castle halls,
 The stately tower, and slender spires,
The piled-up hill of ruddy walls,
 That from the earth to heaven aspires.

Yon park and stuccoed mansions fair,
The gardens which before them lie,
See! future (should this reach you), here
The view which pleased the present's eye.

It is a brilliant day of June,
Before the scythe the swathe goes down,
The labourers toss the hay where soon
Perhaps shall stand a future town.

A lark starts blithely from his bower,
And soars to heaven on waving wing,
Where nothing soon but smoke shall tower,
And nothing, perhaps, but steam shall sing.

Sweet summer broods above the plain,
And kisses now her meadows green,
She weeps a shower of silver rain,
And sighs, adieu my happy scene!

Here, by this haystack, let your eyes
Roam over meads yet free and fair;
Yon circling hills, around that rise,
Of old their only fences were.

Capacious, then, the plain below,
As is the cope which hangs above;
The winds of heaven had room to blow,
Where freedom's life had space to move.

How happy pastoral ages were!

'Twas merry times in England when
They went out gipsying all the year,
Without a fear of trespass then!

Here Mercian kings, in days of yore,
Moved with their followers o'er the scene,
Their flocks and herds roved on before,
Pasturing on the pastures green.

This very rood, if speak it could,
Perhaps sing would of Robin Hood,
What night he strode from old Sherwood,
To strike a buck by yonder flood.

Broad Meadows! opening to the sun,
You once spread far as eye could see!
Great was your ancient horizon,
But small your future liberty!

For Nottingham needs elbow-room,
And growth is better than decline;
And bricks shall blush where flowers now bloom,
So, Meadows! "Here's to Auld Langsyne!"

The original English variety of the crocus is not to be found growing wild in any part of the country, with the exception of Nottingham Meadows—*Literary World*

I WISH WE COULD ONLY IN LANGUAGE
IMPART.

I wish we could only in language impart

The music oft quires in the depths of the soul,
Like the swells of an organ, 'twould burst from the heart,
Which over some temple adoringly roll !

My song would gush forth, like a sun-lighted river,
Whose waves running bright in the morning we see,
Singing this refrain for ever and ever,
Life should a concert of happiness be !

For nature is fair as the light all-illuming,

Her past smileth sweet as remembrance of bliss ;
Her future as fair as the hope ever blooming,
Ah ! why should we weep on a planet like this !
Not a mind need remain in dull ignorance benighted,
We've knowledge enough to enforce this decree,
With the glory of truth every soul shall be lighted,
And life shall a concert of happiness be !

For man without truth in the darkness of sorrow,

Bewildered by error, can go but astray,
The gloom of his night, clouds the hope of the morrow,
The doubt of his ignorance the smile of to-day ;
But if Truth of the world were crowned King and Lawgiver,
'Twould lightning and thunder round earth this decree,
We'll set time to music for ever and ever,
And life shall a concert of happiness be !

Oh ! sweetly shall play all the springs of emotion,
When man thus implores back the grace of his youth !
Ah ! give me again my lost prayer of devotion !
The faith makes us happy alone can be truth !
And Truth shall of earth be crowned King and Lawgiver,
And blaze out, like morning round heaven this decree,
We'll set time to music for ever and ever,
And life shall a concert of happiness be !

A MOTHER'S LULLABY,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF ONE.

My blue-eye'd boy ! when first you came
Into this world of sin and sorrow,
Methought your pretty, tiny frame,
Would scarce survive to see the morrow ;
But now, so very fast you thrive,
So fat your frame, your cheek so mellow,
Perhaps your mother yet may live
To see you grow a six-feet fellow ;
My blue-eye'd boy !

My blue-eye'd cherub ! smiling on me,
Without a thought or care defiling ;
Now heavenly blessings fall upon thee !
And keep that heart for ever smiling !

And when you're grown a great big man,
 I'm sure you won't forget your mother !
 But love her, darling ! all you can,
 Who would not change for e'er another
 Her blue-eye'd boy !



NOTTINGHAM PARK BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET scene ! in the silence of midnight now lying,
 Oh ! to blazon you forth in a beautiful strain,
 That should go, like yon star, through eternity, sighing
 The vision this moment is glass'd on my brain ;
 The Park, far below me so calmly reposing,
 Its broad breast upheaved in the light of the moon ;
 Yon hills, like a dim cloud, the landscape enclosing,
 Where vast meadows sleep in the fragrance of June ;
 Like a storm-wasted bird to its haven returning,
 To breathe forth its life in one passionate sigh ;
 This peace through my heart sends a measureless yearning,
 To breathe out its beauty in music, and die !

How weird-like before me the castle-chase slumbers,
 I fain would reflect to the forthcoming years,
 When its present expanse may be sung by my numbers.
 When jail'd in enclosures the future appears !
 Still bold, free, and open, beneath the broad heaven,
 Nature bares her vast bosom to sunshine or shade,

The clouds on their passage oft linger at even,
O'er the hills and the hollows her breathings have made;
While summer's soft zephyrs around me are straying,
As oft they have played in the far-vanished days—
More bright Luna smiles on the greensward, displaying
Its full mass at once in her glory-flashed blaze!

Sweet scene! through the shadow of midnight now
springing,
Oh! to blazon you forth in a beautiful strain!
That should go, like yon star, through eternity, singing
The picture this moment is glass'd on my brain;
The Park, all around me so calmly reposing,
Undulating away in the blaze of the moon;
Its white circling mansions, and gardens enclosing,
With trees and flowers breathing the fragrance of June;
Like brain-shattered sorrow to reason returning,
To sob forth its soul in one passionate sigh,
This peace through my heart sends a measureless yearning,
To breathe out my spirit in music, and die!



ELEGY ON JOHN SMITH WRIGHT.

On! man of mercy! shall thy noble name,
Unsung, unnoticed, unrecorded be?
No! let the muse forbid the blushing shame,
And strike her harp in grateful strains to thee!

Thy tomb is watered by a thousand tears,
Flowing from hearts thy bounty oft relieved,
While Charity laments her by-gone years,
As Misery moans, of Misery's friend bereaved.

Inquire of Reason's truth-diffusing shrine,
Its greatest benefactor's name to tell,
Soul of beneficence ! it points to thine,
And bids regretful memory on it dwell.

Oh! why should goodness e'er succumb to death ?
Why should the philanthropic ever die ?
And selfishness survive to draw the breath
Whose every respiration costs a sigh ?

But o'er the spot where Wright's cold ashes rest,
An everlasting memory shall remain,
Enduring as the world he lived to bless,
Eternal as the skies he died to gain !

I hang this tribute o'er his honoured clay,
An humble offering at a noble shrine !
Dissolves that princely heart in slow decay !
Survive its deeds, immortal, and divine !

METAPHYSICAL DIALOGUES.

FIRST.

Berkeley.

SPACE *was* anterior to matter,
 By both their natures this we trace ;
 It is impossible the latter
 Could *be* anterior to space.

Pyrrho.

No date on either can we see,
 'Tis said they co-existents be.

Berkeley.

Their natures prove this proposition
 To be a pure supposition.
 Ere matter can be e'vn *supposed*,
 We must grant, of necessity,
 The *space* wherein it is enclosed,
 And without which it could not *be*.
 Say matter extension is through space,
 (What either is we do not know)
 Ere any point any line can trace,
 The space must *be* through which to flow.
 As not a minute can be traced,
 Not preceded by another,
 In any time—any matter placed,
 Shows space anterior to it,— brother !

Pyrrho.

But how can something—that is, matter,
 Be e'er derived from space—that's naught ?
 Say, does not this your reasoning scatter.
 From nothing, nothing can be brought !

Berkeley.

Then space, my doubtful metaphysician !
 Containing everything we see,
 And *nothing* less than ev'n *position*,
 Each to each must equal be.
 Nothing—a *point* ev'n don't contain,
 Space—all the *magnitudes* we see ;
 Space is more than *nothing*, that is plain,
 Since it contains pervades all *somethings* (mag-
 nitudes) we see.
 Take its space from matter, matter's gone !
 Take matter from space, space still *is* space !
 Subtract space—matter there is none,
 Take matter from space, yet space we trace.
 We do not know in what relation
 Each to each connected be,
 And, even with a revelation,
 We could not such relation see.
 It would appear a thing too mad
 For even madness to believe,
 And, as such knowledge can't be had,
 But reasoning we can receive ;
 And reason can suppose away
 Everything in space enshrined,
 Excepting space itself, which may

Be *something* all things else combined.
 Geology shows to *sense* a day,
 On earth no life could *be* at all ;
 Whence came the organic being, pray,
 Now breathing on this peopled ball ?
 Pure reasoning the fact doth show,
 Which by geology we know ;
 By certain demonstration can
 Prove *cras* anterior to life and man.
 Before the life wherewith 'tis rife
 Around the globe arose to birth,
 Earth did exist, because its life
 Could not exist before the earth.
 Let us suppose the globe the root
 Of all the life on it we see,
 Then, of necessity, the fruit
 Exists posterior to the tree.

SECOND.

Berkeley.

From something now possessing power,
 Adequate to demonstrate
 Geometry, *does* something flower
 Which *can* its truths excogitate.

Pyrrho.

From something *not* possessing power
 Adequate to demonstrate
 Geometry, 'tis said, did something flower,
 Which did its truths excogitate.

Berkeley.

Power competent for geometry,
 From something possessing it but proceeds this hour,
 And geometric potency
 From something *was* derived did *not* possess
 such power.

Things not equal to the same thing,
 Are here made equal to each other,
 A postulatum but the naming
 Gives the refutation,—brother !
 That, whence first the power did flower,
 Competent for excogitating
 Geometry, possessed the power
 It did impart—of demonstrating.
 Or otherwise, of less power is conceived
 A greater power, which less cannot bestow ;
 From greater power a less may be derived,
 But from a less a greater ne'er can flow.



I DREAMT AS I LAY.

I DREAMT as I lay
 On a violet bed,
 As a man takes his hat off
 To look at his head.

I took of my scull-cap,
To look at my brains,
And saw through my life-sap,
As men see through panes.

Methought there I sat
With my head on my knee,
While sight, without eyes,
From my shoulder did see.

I saw the blood bobbing
Through arteries and veins,
My soul with awe throbbing
To look at my brains.

All curious I glared
On the mansion of mind,
But though keenly I stared,
Not a thought could I find.

Methought then I said,
Thick as leaves on a tree
Swarm the thoughts of this head,
But where can they be?

Where's the History of Greece?
The History of Rome?
Where's Miss Edgeworth's novels?
And Miss Bremer's "Home?"

Where's Herschell's astronomy ?

Lyell's geology ?

Humbold's cosmography ?

Berkeley's ideology ?

Where's Hutton's log-tables ?

Euclid's geometry ?

Old Æsop's fables ?

Hind's trigonometry ?

Where's the facts and the thoughts

Which in my brain be,

Swarming like leaves

Upon some forest tree ?

I can only see brain,

I can't see my mind,

Not the shade of a thought

That I know there is shrined.

Then methought I felt death,

As myself lay quite dead,

My brains analyze,

In a coffin of lead.


Then I shook off the death

Of my dream, and I cried,

Death's brain is the same as

Life's brain ere it died !

Look ! body's not being,
And brain is not mind !
Eyes are not seeing,
Without light we're blind !



ODE TO THE AUTHOR OF FESTUS.

GLORIOUS mind ! by genius dowered
With an everlasting name,
Thou at once to glory towered,
O'er the throne of Milton's fame !

How thy thoughts, like thunder-rushes,
Grandly o'er the nations roll,
Melting into music-gushes,
Breathing tears from nature's soul.

Master thou of every measure
Which the human breast can thrill !
Flooding o'er the heart with pleasure,
Like a sunburst lights a hill.

We delight in blissful bowers,
By thy powerful genius wove,
Where, enwreathed with happy flowers,
Youth, and Love, and Beauty move.

How the weary spirit pineth,
But to join that radiant throng,
Round whose happy presence twineth,
All the charms e'er breathed by song.

Melancholy Marion breathing
Sighs a saint from heaven might charm ;
Grace round queenly Helen wreathing,
Which the ice of death might warm.

Fairest company ! ye fill me
With a world of soft delight ;
Sighs delicious ! how ye thrill me
With your spirit-witching might !

Lo ! the human heart is pealing
Organ-wise in genius' hand—
Big with bursts ecstatic, stealing
From the spirits' music-land,

Every grace that eye can gaze on,
All of love the heart can show,
Every beauty thought can blazon,
All of heaven that earth can know—

Smileth in that myrtle bowering,
In that hall of light is sighing,
In that paradise is flowering,
Whereon heaven with earth is lying.

Glorious mind ! by genius dowered
 With an everlasting name;
 Thou at once to glory towered,
 O'er the throne of Milton's fame !

OH ! FOR A COT IN SOME GREEN SPOT.

Oh ! for a spot in some green spot, just modelled to my
 will !
 A peaceful nest, a home of rest, upon a sunny hill ;
 A pretty garden spread behind, a plot of grass before,
 With jessamines and eglantines entwining round the door ;
 The blush of morn should fall at dawn my cottage case-
 ments through,
 And some receive, as fell the eve, the sinking sun's adieu ;
 The rose should grow, and myrtles blow, in rich profusion
 there,
 And birds their vows should breathe from boughs all
 trembling in the air.
 The honeysuckle there should flower, and honey-suckers too
 Round hives should sing, and thither bring the nectar of
 the dew.
 In gathering dew I'd there employ, like them, my happy
 hours,
 And cultivate my little state of ne'er-rebelling flowers ;

And there should play, by night and day, a fountain's falling
tune,

The bird of night should there alight, and sing beneath
the moon.

From such a cot, from such a spot, I'd banish every care,
No rhyme indite, no poesy write, but *live a poem there!*
Serenely o'er my tranquil home the summer boughs should
wave,

And calmly glide my life along, contented, to the grave!



THE SPRING OF ALBION.

ONCE more the storm-banners of winter are furled,
And spring, laughing spring, evokes life from the world;
The birds to the Love Queen their love-vows repeat,
While May-blossoms brighten to flowers at her feet.
O'er the cloud-whitened heaven her chariot careers,
While her brilliant bow beams through her flower-blessing
tears,

As she smiles on the isles of the health-blowing gales,
The bright flowing streams, and the green glowing vales.

Can eye ever gaze on more exquisite hue,
Than these fields' tender green, than yon heaven's gentle
blue,

Whose radiant immensity archeth the sod
Of the temple wherein smiles the day, like a God;

Though gorgeous the glories of tropical skies,
Through whose morning the phoenix of paradise flies,
Ever fair are the isles of the health-blowing gales,
The bright flowing streams, and the green glowing vales.

Oh! say not the clime is a clime but of gloom,
Where such glory can smile, and such beauty can bloom!
Ever-green are the valleys which vapours oft shroud,
More vernal they grow in the shade of the cloud!
As the bloom of the heart is renewed by the tears
That water its age from the memories it bears!
Then heaven bless the isles of the health-blowing gales,
The bright flowing streams, and the green glowing vales!



MARION.

Thou wer't to me, love! like Hygeia, bringing
Health to all life! bloom to a barren shore!
Thou wer't to me, love! like an angel, singing
Hope to a heart no hope e'er heard before!
Thou wer't to me, love! like a fountain, lightning
Out of a desert that before was dry!
Thou wer't to me, love! like a glory, brightning
What was before a dark and starless sky!
Thou wer't to me love! like divine truth, breaking
Upon a land before its light ne'er saw!
Thou wer't to me, love! like God's mercy, waking
Life to His love, before but felt his awe!

Thou wer't to me, love ! like a sweet harp, weeping
 In tears of music that awake our own !
 Thou wer't to me, love ! like affection, sleeping
 Upon a breast no love before had known !
 Thou wer't to me, love ! like a prayer, recalling
 An atheist to the worship of his youth !
 Thou wer't to me, love ! like God's answer, falling,
 Granting its hope unto man's prayer of truth !
 Thou wer't to me, love ! like His sweet grace, showering
 Upon a soul before ne'er felt its dew !
 Thou wer't to me, love ! like a sweet rose, flowering
 Upon a rock where none before e'er grew !
 And now thy memory wanders o'er my heaven,
 Like a wan moon across despairing skies,
 Weeping, in tears of light, the love once given,
 Whose morn no more ! no more on me shall rise !
 And I have gazed on Virtue's radiant charms, love !
 To see her beauty from my life depart !
 And I've clasped Happiness within my arms, love !
 To feel her go for ever from my heart !



TWENTY YEARS SINCE, FROM YON CHURCH.

TWENTY years since, from yon church,
 To the cottage there you see,
 With its over-ivied porch,
 Passed a bridal company ;

Loud the air with laughter rung,
Joy on every face was seen,
Far the bells their music flung,
As the bride came down the green.

Twenty years have past away,
Where's the bridegroom? Where the bride?
Here (it seems but yesterday),
Moved together side by side;
Let yon broken tombstone say—
There they both in darkness be;
And another bridal day,
Lights another company.

LINES TO THE BUST OF SHAKSPERE BY
W. WARNER, OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

MAJESTIC model of the dome
Where once dwelt Shaksperc's Jovian mind!
Alone in such capacious room
Could move the genius of mankind!

I gaze with awe upon the brow,
O'er whose large front methinks I see
The mind of Shaksperc moving now
And gazing on the world, and me!

But such a long expanding eye,
 Could read men's thoughts as we do thine ;
But such a brow, so broad and high,
 The genius of the earth could shrine !

As some cathedral's wall sublime,
 Magnificently earth o'ertowers,
Arising from the ancient time,
 Above the temples built by ours ;

So does this grand majestic bust,
 Shakspeare before our eyes recall,
And humbles every mind in dust,
 Before the mightiest mind of all !



HASTE, MY VESSEL, O'ER THE OCEAN !

HASTE, my vessel, o'er the ocean !
 Bear us swiftly through the main !
Waft us on with fleetest motion,
 To the shore I long to gain !

There, my sisters sigh to meet me !
 There, my mother waits to bless !
There, my Mary smiles to greet me,
 With her tearful, true caress !

Happy home! upon the mountain
Brightly beams your tranquil light,
Where the ever-gushing fountain
Murmurs music through the night!

Lone thou liest, 'mid trees embowering,
Rising o'er the rolling sea,
Peaceful smil'st the all o'ertowering,
Which is dear to hope and me!

Round the hearth the dear ones seated,
Chide their exile's long delay,
And their prayers, to heaven repeated,
Guard the wanderer on his way!

Haste, my vessel, o'er the ocean!
Bear us swiftly through the main!
Waft us on with fleetest motion,
To the shore I sigh to gain!



CHANT OF CIVIL WAR.

HURRAH! prepare the feast of hell!
Let Hate the steel of anguish draw!
And on the blood I love so well,
I'll gorge my life devouring maw!

Shall puling philanthropy preach
Of peace, of love, of joy, to me ?
Shall feeble reason dare to teach
The frantic nations to be free ?

Behold unsheathed the shining swords,
Which shall the souls of thousands spill ;
A blow is worth a thousand words,
And best does he who most can kill !

I'll dye your cities bloody red,
Your corpses, in a crimson sea,
Shall cumber earth's ensanguined bed,
A holocaust to hell and me !

What reck I of broken hearts,
Which every well-struck blow may cause ?
What care I for pains and smarts,
Man's blasted hopes, God's broken laws ?

I gloat with joy o'er human sighs !
I hear with rapture shrieks of pain !
I drain the tears from human eyes !
I love with woe to blast the brain !

Hurrah ! the nations feel the shock !
With crimes I'll wreath my grisly brow !
Lo ! on my brain-out-dashing rock,
The peace of all expiring now !

Meet *Ill* with *Good*, your God hath said,
 Beat *Bad* with *Worse*, my teachings are ;
 Shall mortals God begin to dread !
 No ! bathe your souls in blood and war !

Aim true the shot ! strike home the steel !
 Make nature sick with human gore !
 And give to hell as glorious meal
 As all its fiends e'er gloated o'er !

Come, sluice the veins from which shall ooze,
 Man's wine-red blood for me to quaff !
 And from your bravest I will choose,
 A hero-host to be my staff !

Ha ! hah ! ha ! hah ! men God defy,
 And God delivers men to me ;
 Ho ! hoh ! ho ! hoh ! die wretches, die !
 And join my goodly company !



RISE TO LOVE'S CELESTIAL MORNING.

Rise to love's celestial morning !
 Rise to truth's transcendent day !
 Rise, oh man ! with spirit scorning,
 All the evils block the way !

Sound the trumpet ! lift the banners !
Truth descend to lead the van !
Genius, chanting love-hozannas,
Champion on the march of man !
Through barbarians, camping round us,
We will find or force a way ;
On the night that would confound us,
Light shall rain resistless day !
For the hour is nearing, pealing,
Long to earth by heaven foretold !
For the morn o'er nature's stealing,
Sung by saints in days of old !
Though the storms of earth may cloud it,
Though the sins of man delay,
Through the mists of hell that shroud it
It shall burst to beaming day !
On each granite-hearted nature
Pour a blaze would melt the pole !
Shower down love on every creature,
Give a joy to every soul !
Earth of ill is weary ! weary !
We will have a world of love !
We will make this desert dreary
Like the Paradise of Jove !
Sound the trumpets ! lift the banners !
God Himself shall lead the van !
Angels, chanting love-hozannas,
Champion on the march of man !

BIRTH OF THE SUN.

Sunborn.

On ; lamp of everburning light !
Oh ! source of everlasting day !
Inform me how primordial night
First fled before the solar ray ?

Sun.

Beyond the furthest, faintest star,
Whose rays shall never cross my own,
A shapeless fire-mist boils afar,
Whereon no star hath ever shone.

There, matter surges like a sea,
Far past remotest nature's bourne,
And mysteries no eye may see,
Its depths enclose, its gulfs inurn.

A breath passed o'er that soundless deep,
Whose burning waves grew white with awe,
As forth my rayless mass did leap,
Cast out by being's primal law.

And swifter than the light I shed
Afar—across the wilds of space,
Along immensity I sped,
Unto my law-appointed place.

Controlled at once by power that shocked
The unborn worlds within my womb,
While sister suns around me rocked,
As shook all skies my being's boom.

The shadow of the Unmoving fell
Upon my huge unlighted form,
Then felt I throes, too vast to tell,
Convulse my breast with inward storm.

When forth its power projectile hurled
The orbs which gem my blue profound,
Then shot from each moon-circled world
The satellites that bead then round.

Around my daughter-planets rolled,
Obeying Power's supreme decree,
My strength alone their course controlled,
Ere flashed upon them light from me.


Yes ! Jupiter's stupendous mass,
And Saturn's ring-begirted frame,
With all the orbs that round me pass,
To bathe their brows within my flame,

Were launched from me by powers benign,
E'en Neptune's dim, far-gleaming world,
Which scarce my swift far-streaming shine
Could reach, when to its orbit hurled.

Beneath the Regnant Sun I blazed,
With all the fire arrayed in now,
While children-worlds, enraptured, gazed
Upon my broad God-blazoning brow.

And none but He who gave the light,
On which the bounds of nature gaze,
Can tomb in glory-quenching night
My universe-enlightening blaze!

O'er heavens of soft ethereal blue,
My life-awakening splendours play,
And but when time shall perish, too,
My light shall fade, my life decay!



THE STARS.

GLORY fountains, ever flowing!
Chalices of gorgeous light!
Crystal globes, with morning glowing!
Glittering round the dome of night.

Flames celestial! fires eternal!
Blazing beacons of the skies!
Flashing on the spheres supernal,
Lighted by your burning eyes.

Orbs the future days inurning !
Stalactites of Nature's cave !
Lamps around the Eternal burning !
Warming worlds without a grave.

Omnicoloured glories ! brightening
Heights to which thought cannot rise !
Pluming, with your pauseless lightning,
Depths where even distance dies.

Bright fleets of the sky-waved ocean !
Rovers of the radiant sea !
Magnet springs of matter's motion !
Round immense immensity !

Constellations ageless towering !
Golden hosts of God's array !
Flashes of the eternal showering !
Glory-bursts of Glory's day !

Sun-wheeled universes ! shocking
With your axle-roll the spheres !
Pilots of the planets ! rocking
On the deep of dateless years !

Writing of the Empyrean Bender !
Prophets of a life to be !
Rays of the Almighty-splendour !
Firesteps of eternity !

Oh that now my spirit, springing,
 Could to your serenity fly !
And commingle with the singing
 Of the life which cannot sigh !



THE TRENT IN AUTUMN.

How pleasant 'tis to sit and watch the river's tranquil flow,
And hear its rushing waters, gently gurgling as they go
Down Trent's broad plain, slow winding down by many a
 pleasant lea,
Meandering on, for many a mile, to mingle with the sea.

Oh, radiant Trent ! how bright, this morn, appears thy
 princely stream !
How dazzling shine thy glittering waves, gilt by the solar
 beam !
Night's splendid, starry coronet, does not more glorious glow,
Than yonder crown of gorgeous light, which diadems thee
 now !

Oh ! for pencil to pourtray thee, as thou roll'st along,
As calm as peace, as bright as joy, as cheerful as a song !
While, floating 'twixt the earth and sky, the white clouds
 seem to stay,
And linger o'er thee lovingly, as loath to pass away !

How pleasant 'tis to sit and watch the river's onward flow,
And hear its gushing waters, gently gurgling as they go
Down Trent's green plains, slow winding down by many a
pleasant lea,
Meandering on, for many a mile, to mingle with the sea!

THE BEAUTIES OF BRITAIN;

A POETICAL CONCERT.

THE ENGLISH MAIDEN.

WHAT can pourtray the young English maiden?
As the bloom of her loveliness beams o'er the isle!
Like the first glance of Eva fell over man's Aden,
And the roses of nature turned sweet in her smile;
As on man she dawned, who alone could beguile
His heart with the love which it craved ere it knew;
As over earth, cradled in darkness awhile,
The first glory fell that revealed heaven's blue;
Like the bright lilyroses in Eden first grew,
As pure as the prayer of their paradise-prime,
Is the young English maiden, fair, gentle, and true,
With cheek blushing sweet as the flowers of her clime,
A modest rose-violet, shrined in home's bower,
With soul like the sunbeam that plays o'er the flower.

LINCOLN LASSES, OH!

THEIR chesnut hair waves round a cheek whereon health's
roses bloom, O!

Their purple eyes are stars of love, that brighten nature's
dome, O!

Their forms unspoil'd by art behold, as tasteful nature
moulded,

Oh! 'twould be passing sweet to be in such fair arms
enfolded!

You pretty, blooming, unassuming, sprightly Lincoln
lasses, O!

For your *sweet-heart*, unspoil'd by all the jargon of the
schools, O!

Is Nature's shrine, Contentment's home, where modest
Virtue rules, O!

Simplicity abideth there, like sweetness in the flower, my
dears!

Good nature, youth, and innocence—these form your *only*
dower, my dears!

But a Lincoln lass without a *crown* is worth a queen
with twenty, O!

To Him, then, we direct our prayer who spread yon
heaven above us;

Give us a Lincoln lass to love, a Lincoln lass to love us—

Enriched with health and competence, without a fear to
lose 'em,

Oh ! let us live on such a breast, and die on such a bosom !

Oh ! let us live on such a breast, and die on such a
bosom !

PORTRAITS.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

ELEGANT girl ! with the soul-lighted brow—

Beautiful maid ! with the heart-brightened cheek,

We feel, as we gaze on thy loveliness now,

Speechless is language such beauty to speak !

Oh ! fair is the soul that illumines that face,

And graceful the casket the gem doth enshrine ;

By refinement arrayed in adorable grace,

Thou look'st like the daughter of some noble line !

'Twas charms such as thine in the far olden time,

Drew heaven's sons to earth from their glory-lit clime.

On the classic contour of that beautiful brow,

How soft does the light of intelligence play,

As o'er a fair mountain peak, robed in pure snow,

The blushes of morn, and the beaming of day.

Oh ! would we could picture thy features' repose,

Or paint the expression which brightens that cheek,

But naught but thy presence their charm can disclose,

For breathless is breath, love ! such beauty to speak !

Oh ! each time we meet thee, with wonder we start,

How poor is all painting beside what thou art !

DERBYSHIRE.

How fruitless the wish, and how vain the endeavour,
 Attempting by words thy rich charms to pourtray ;
Oh that my soul were a mirror !—for ever
 Reflecting the beauties naught else can display !
Like the sea glasses heaven eternally be,
 Fraught with thy radiant image alone ;
As the horizon encircles the sea,
 Hold all thy beauty embraced as its own !

Rosebuds look white to thy beautiful bloom—
 Lilies turn black by the white of thy brow—
An iris of roses the light doth illumine,
 Such were my song could it cincture thee now ;
But vain is the effort, and weak the endeavour,
 Attempting by words thy rich charms to pourtray ;
Oh that my song were a mirror !—for ever
 Reflecting the beauties naught else can display !

STAFFORDSHIRE.

GRACIOUS young Staffordshire ! stately, yet meek,
Whose smile is all sweetness— all softness whose cheek,
The tones of whose voice are bewitchingly mild,
And open whose heart as the heart of a child.
Who can look at thy beauty without love's desire ?
Who touch that soft hand and not thrill with his fire ?

We could gaze on thy fine stately figure for ever,
We could join lips with thine and ne'er wish them to sever !
We could fancy thine aspect most pleasant of any,
And oh ! but we've gazed on the aspect of many !
But nothing more lovely we've seen than thy charms,
No better heaven ask than the heaven of such arms !
O'er thy plains and thy mountains let echo e'er repeat,
Happy are the flowers, now, that kiss but thy feet !

LANCASHIRE.

NEVER memory can forget, till memory sink in death's
decay,
The witching witch of Lancashire, who once bewitched my
heart away !
Her eyes were living violets, her mouth was like an open-
ing rose,
Whereon the freshness of the morn, and sweetness of the
spring, repose.
The smile which wreathed her graceful lips (never mine
can speak how fair),
It might have charmed e'en hate to love, or raised to rap-
ture e'en despair !
But music muteness were to breathe—oh, poetry is prose
to speak—
The grace that floated round her form, the soul which
blushed upon her cheek !

Her form was Elegance, her face was Modesty, by both
you knew,
If she were nature's Paragon, she was refinement's Phoenix
too !
Ah ! my beautiful girl-angel ! now I know not where
you be,
But as thou hast not lived for me, would I might have
died for thee !

WARWICKSHIRE.

'Tis sweet to look on pretty faces,
As smilingly they pass us by ;
To feast the soul on girlhood's graces,
And drink the light from beauty's eye.
Pretty little modest maid,
Your robe's a flag of joy to see ;
And happy he to whom, displayed,
That robe a flag of love shall be !

Sweet innocence ! your future prove,
A smiling heaven, ever clear ;
Be blest with husband, home, and love,
All charming as yourself, my dear !
Oh ! could I speak in music-sighs,
Or write in colours, then I'd say,
Or sing—thy face, form, tresses, eyes,
My pretty little Queen of May !

GRAND CHORUS.—A PARODY.

Air—" *Ye Mariners of England.*"

YE matchless maids of Albion,
Who grace our sullen air ;
Whose smiles a thousand years have charmed
The peasant and the peer.
Unite the sunshine of your eyes
Against a stormy time,
And smile on the isle,
Till ye brighten o'er the clime,
Where discord shrouds, with thunder clouds
The dawn of freedom's prime !

The beauty of your mothers
Upon your cheeks shall glow,
The grace that won your fathers
Around your forms shall flow ;
And love's world-fascinating spell
Shall fire your summer prime,
As you smile on the isle
To beguile a stormy time :
Where discord shrouds, with thunder clouds
The morn of freedom's clime !

Your persons need no ornaments,
No gems around them twined ;
Your march is o'er the heart of man,
Your throne is in the mind !

With beauty from each beaming cheek,
Ye calm the tempest's chime,
As ye smile on the isle
To beguile a stormy time :
Where discord shrouds, with thunder clouds
The morn of freedom's clime !

The matchless maids of Albion
Shall yet more beauteous beam,
Till round Britannia's mighty brow
A smile of peace shall gleam.
Then—then—ye Queens of sovereign man,
Our songs and souls shall chime,
And adore, as we pour
A libation to your prime :
When discord's roar disturbs no more
The morn of freedom's clime !


CHRISTMAS.

THE boughs are bare—the birds are mute—
The fishes shivering in the streams —
The world, wrapped in its winter-suit,
Looks wan beneath December's gleams !
Their verdure from the groves is gone,
Naught left but nature's skeleton !

The wind blows bleak across the wold—
The frost lies white upon the ground—
The very sun he seems a-cold,
And cloaks himself with clouds around,—
“ While pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
Sit croaking at the frosts and snows.”

Now hung is many a cottage wall
With holly, and with ivy, too ;
Suspended in the spacious hall
Depends the Druid-mistletoe ;
And Christmas sings to every man—
Let's be as happy as we can !

Welcome Christmas ! cheerful fellow !
Welcome to every hearth, Old Boy !
Thou com'st again our hearts to mellow,
Brightening up the world with joy,
Singing the song thou first began—
Glory to God !—and Good to Man !

DESPAIR.

OH ! is there not some brighter sky
Beyond this night of doubt and woe,
Whereto the longing soul may fly,
Where weary man to rest may go ?

Some cloudless day beyond our even,
 Some radiant orb in glory's spheres,
 Where man, amidst the morn of heaven,
 May drink the life of deathless years?

Oh! suns of yonder Milky Way!
 Oh! lights of space's starry mine!
 Say, if amidst your bright array,
 There beams for man an orb divine?
 A clime o'er which no cloud can throw
 A shade of darkness, doubt, or pain,
 A strand to which the soul may flow,
 As morning shoots along the main?



HOPE.

BEYOND the frantic life of man,
 Above the dying world you see,
 A star beams forth in nature's plan,
 The fire-crown of immensity!
 There souls, by death enfranchised, soar,
 Like sunbeams shooting o'er the brine,
 Through darkness streaming to the shore,
 Where life aye lives in light divine.

There, man beneath the Dove shall rest,
There, souls in Mercy's arms repose,
There, murmuring bliss through every breast,
Immortal life, like music flows.
They quaff the cup of painless joy,
They taste the calm of sighless peace,
And far, oh ! far o'er earth's annoy,
With raptures thrill that ne'er can cease !

SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

A rude effigy of stone, representing a recumbent human skeleton, placed over the tomb of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in Wollaton Church, commemorates the state wherein he was found lying, surrounded by his men, at Arzina, in Russian Lapland, by the ships sent in quest of him and his companions.

Thus did he lie, even thus did he repose,
Amidst his crew upon Arzina's snows ;
Block'd up by ice, upon the northern main,
Doomed ne'er alive his country to regain :
On Lapland's bleak inhospitable strand.
The hero perished with his gallant band ;
By cold and famine pinched, the luckless brave
Found there the same inevitable grave ;

Not one escaped the story to relate,
Their bones alone remain to tell their fate ;
Long time unknown their scattered corpses lie,
Upon that beach whereon they sank to die ;
Long time Sir Hugh his friends, his country mourn,
Yet fondly hope he safely may return ;
Trust still to welcome from the stormy spray,
The valiant chief, and chide his long delay ;
Time speeds, but brings no tidings of Sir Hugh,
Not one returns of all his hardy crew ;
Ships sail to seek them, but too late to save,
They only find the lost adventurer's grave ;
Silent both ships the sorrowing seamen found,
And, stark in death, their comrades stretched around,
And, by a ring he wore, and stature tall,
Recognized their loved chief among them all ;
Sadly they wafted from that fatal shore
The sacred relics of their commodore ;
Beneath this monument those relics lie,
Of wise, of valiant, virtuous Willoughby.*
Yes! he who braved the perils of the deep,
Beneath this stone in death doth calmly sleep ;
He, whose stout heart no danger could dismay,
Who pioneered discovery's doubtful way,
O'er stormy seas to lands unknown before,
Bearing St. George's flag to Greenland's shore ;
One of the first that school of tars to form,
Staunch in the battle, steadfast in the storm ;

* Vide Campbell's Lives of the British Admirals.

First offshoot of the oak no time shall shake,
Whose top is Nelson, and whose trunk is Drake ;
Even here he lies, beneath this calmest spot,
A man by memory ne'er can be forgot ;
While English hearts heroic names shall cherish,
Thy fame, oh Willoughby ! shall never perish ;
But poetry weave garlands round the grave,
Where rest the ashes of the immortal brave !




THE DEATH OF LADY JANE GREY.

Slow waned the night before the appointed day
Of execution of the Lady Grey ;
Lovely she knelt amid her dungeon's gloom,
Like the white angel watched by Jesu's tomb ;
Breathing the sighs of her expiring youth
Unto the God of innocence and truth ;
Sweet through the night ascended Virtue's prayer,
For Christ to pity, and for God to hear ;
Sweeter from heaven descended that reply,
Brought grace to pardon, and gave strength to die ;
Calmly her mind surveyed its sad estate,
Rising superior to approaching fate ;
And as soft slumber o'er her senses stole,
Sweet dreams of heaven shed glory round her soul.

Dully the dawn broke through the winter night,
And over England shone the sombre light ;
The scaffold's reared, the hour of doom draws nigh—
They come ! to lead the victims out to die.
The youthful Dudley, doomed, like Jane, to feel
The bloody stroke of power's un pitying steel,
Would fain once more his bride's sweet aspect view,
And with one last embrace bid all adieu ;
But her sedate, religion-balanced soul,
Refused the adieu might shake their self-control ;
So the young lovers mercy wept to save,
Embraced again, but in the lifeless grave.
Ah, Guilford ! Guilford ! thou hast felt the blow
Which sends thy soul where murderers ne'er shall go ;
That headless corse, Jane ! now they're bearing by,
Shall nevermore upon thy bosom sigh ;
The lips met thine in love's endearments sweet,
No more shall breathe their music at thy feet ;
One sob of anguish, and the pang is past,—
Lead on your victim now to feel your last !
Calm as philosophy that fairest face,
As chaste as piety her princely grace ;
Oh, through the night of time that angel form
Shines like the morning star above the storm ;
And through all ages yet shall that clear brow
Beam with the light irradiates it now ;
Howe'er could blight the ruthless hand of power,
This sweetest, gentlest, purest, noblest flower !
Barbarians would not strike that neck of snow
The headsman stands prepared to sever now,

A miscreant vile, by earth and heaven abhorred,
Remorseless as the wretch who smote the Lord ;
One moment on the ear soft accents fall,
Exonerating and forgiving all,
Then Meekness turns to meet her death, with mein
As mild as mercy, and as faith serene.
Beside the block behold the victim kneel,—
Upon that fairest neck descends the steel.
Mount ! saintly soul ! mount up to realms divine,
The crime is theirs, a crimeless heaven is thine !
And through all ages yet shall loveliest bloom,
Thy memory, Lady ! o'er thine earthly tomb !



OH ! TO FLEE LIKE A BIRD TO SOME
BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

OH ! to flee like a bird to some beautiful shore,
And return to this world to return never more !
To carry my heart from a desert like this,
To flower, like a rose in the sunshine of bliss—
To strike, like a fire-flash, through this dark even,
And rise, like a song, in the music of heaven,—
To roam 'mid the stars, as we wander o'er flowers,
Float, like an echo, o'er paradise-bowers ;
Oh ! to shoot like a thought from this death-darkened sod,
And fall, like a prayer, at the footstool of God !

A GLANCE FROM NOTTINGHAM PARK,
IN AUTUMN.

How wide is the scene that here opens to view,
As the mists of the morning arise from the plain ;
And Charnwood Hills, far in the depths of the blue,
Show their crests, curving round like the waves of the
main ;
The low hills in front with a long crescent sweep,
Their broad bosoms brightening with forests of corn,
Circle downwards where Belvoir enthroned on his steep,
Exalts his proud crest in the light of the morn.
Free valley ! how cheerful, how charming thy face !
Thine aspect the heart with felicity fills ;
For leagues circling eastwards delighted we trace
The corn of that plenty which brightens thy hills.

Behold how the river comes bending away,
Where Wilford's dark elms like a rampart arise ;
Above—Clifton Grove, in its glorious array,
Lifts up its magnificent head to the skies ;
While Wollaton Park, with its elegant Hall,
(That palace of joy, in a pleasance of delight)
Encircled around with its red running wall,
Displays its battalions of trees to the right.
Free valley ! how cheerful, how cheering thy face !
Thine aspect the heart with felicity fills,
On the wild springing trees with enchantment we gaze,
Scattered over thy plain and thy wood-covered hills.

Once broad open meadows, now open no more,
One prairie expanse your green amplitude spread,
Whereon the blue* Briton oft wandered of yore,
Ere the Saxon arrived, or the Roman had fled,
Hail! giant old rock! whom the tempests of time,
And the thunders of battle, have wasted away,
Thy bald furrowed brow is a beacon sublime,
Where Ruin sits throned, while he smiles at decay;
What are the Pyramids' ages to thine?
As old as Old England, thou soar'st from the past,
And till it shall sink in the storm-beaten brine,
Some relic of thee shall endure to the last!

To the right what an opening runs bright through the vale,
Beyond the blue hills in the dim distance lie,
Running up, like a glade, to the verge of the dale,
Where it melts, far away, in the depths of the sky;
How we long, as we gaze up that aisle of the west,
For wings like a dove, which might waft us afar
Through that vista of light, to some region of rest,
Where the hope of the soul might appear like a star!
Free valley! how cheerful, how cheering thy face!
Thine aspect the soul with soft ravishment thrills;
Eastward and westward enchanted we gaze,
On thy plain, running green thro' thy corn-covered hills.

How pleasant from hence to contemplate at leisure,
The objects that scattered before us appear;

* In coats of paint (woad).

Roving over the scene, the eye glasses with pleasure,
Those objects our first recollections endear.
The windmill on Wilford hill whirling so merrily,
The White House below like a cot in a wild wood,
Spires, halls, and villages, smiling as cheerily
As when they first rose on the gaze of our childhood ;
Hedgerows running dark on the slope of each sunny hill,
Haystacks and homesteads scattered over the scene,
All these, happy valley, with pleasure the spirit fill,
Keep thy charms ever fresh, and thy memory ever green.

And shall we not sing, too, the mansions around,
Cresting our Park's noble terrace of green ;
Majestic they soar from the steep rising ground,
From whence the best half of the county is seen ;
Afar o'er the land the white villas arise,
Gleaming bright in the glance of the far-beaming morn,
Looking down on the green vale beneath them that lies,
Lifting their proud heads to heaven, as in scorn.
Fair valley ! how cheerful, how cheering thy face !
Thine aspect the spirit with ravishment fills,
Eastward and westward delighted we gaze,
On science steaming far through thy corn-covered hills !

If fortune should summon to some distant clime,
How oft would remembrance this region restore,
Glowing radiant as when, in our youth's happy prime,
The spirit first woke to the beauty it wore :
The Trent flashing bright down the broad sunny vale—
The hills and the groves where the light shadows fall—

The bright glowing morning, the health-blowing gale,
The vast azure firmament floating o'er all !
Fair valley ! how cheerful, how cheering thy face !
Thine aspect the heart with soft ravishment thrills,
Eastward and westward enchanted we trace,
Thy plain running green through thy corn-covered hills !



OH THAT THE SOUL, INTO SUNBEAMS
DISSOLVING.

OH that the soul, into sunbeams dissolving,
Could flash from this dull narrow mansion of clay !
Roaming with summer, round nature revolving,
Basking for ever in beauty and day !

Riding round earth, all impediments scorning,
Breasting the billows of nature's blue sea ;
Dancing on clouds in the light of the morning,
Unfading, unfettered, immortal to be.

Scaling the steeps of the snow-crested mountain,
Skimming the waves of the clear-rushing stream,
Sparkling gems on the foam of the fountain,
Wandering away like a beautiful dream !

Quaffing the sweets of the spring-scented flowers,
Smiling in heaven when tempests sweep by,
Darting my rays through the fresh dropping showers,
Shooting my soul through the bow of the sky !

Oh ! thus to exist, with my breath never blinding
The smoke of the cities of madness and pride ;
My course never clouded, my life never-ending,
Nature my palace, and beauty my bride !



LET ME GO, GOD ! AWAY FROM THIS WORLD,
AND ITS ILL.

LET me go, God ! away from this world and its ill !
Let me lie down to rest where this heart shall be still !
It longs to depart where all troubles shall cease,
It longs to repose in the pathos of peace,
Where no malice can harm, where no ignorance can rave,
Where calmly man lies in the sleep of the grave.
And oh ! as I lie in that woe-charming sleep,
Like the moon through a broken storm dawns o'er the deep
Like a cloud blushing light o'er the graves of the west,
Let one radiant form sometimes float over my rest !
The zephyr-sigh breathing remembrance may claim,
For the heart whose last pulse of life fluttered her name !

Through death's forlorn dust let its soft music sigh,
Like the dim tear of pity gushing blind through her eye;
And where the drop falls, let a flower spring up there,
As sweet as her sigh, and as bright as her tear!
Let me go, God! away from this world and its ill!
Let me lie down to rest where this heart shall be still!
It longs to repose on the peace-hallowed shore,
Where the fire-storm of sorrow shall strike it no more;
Where Marion, like morn, may oft float o'er its tomb,
Smiling love—breathing zephyr-sighs over its gloom;
Where her bright eyes, oft-times through death's blindness
restored,
Like stars, may weep hope o'er the dust once adored!


LIFE.

OH life! thou focus of creation's rays,
It seems impossible that thou dost live!
The life now mirroring light's eternal blaze,
Too vast a gift seems, ev'n for a God to give!
These nervous telegraphs which to the brain
Through all the senses bring all things that be,
This mind, now lightning back in thought again,
To other minds the ideas of *all* we see,
Cannot be real! we only dream that we
Exist, with all existence doth embrace;

This being, which enspheres the immensity,
Instinct with motion, as naught claspeth space,
Is but the delusion of a delirious breath,
Whose bubble life is—and whose breaking, death !



SONG OF TRUTH.

Hah ! what shall obstruct my path !
Hoh ! who dares to bar my way ?
Trampling on man's weakling wrath,
What my onward march shall stay ?


Not the madness of the many !
Not the folly of the few !
The crush of all, the craft of any,
All that force and fraud can do !

Barbarous nations ! come, combining,
Swear my onward march to stay !
But first stop yon sun from shining,
Ere my lightning thoughts ye may !

When from chaos first emerging,
God said, go without a fear ;
Dread no battles round you surging,
Lo ! the sword of heaven you bear !

By the shores of sinless whiteness,
O'er the arch eternal strung !
By the Everlasting Brightness,
From whose glory first I sprung ;

Earth from evil I'll deliver !
Man to happiness conduct !
All his shackles yet I'll shiver !
All his ignorance yet instruct !



ERE MIGHTY HANDEL STRUCK HIS LYRE.

ERE mighty Handel struck his lyre,
Or matchless Mozart did compose,
Through savage breasts thrilled music's fire,
And ignorance sang ere science rose ;
Ere revelation was revealed,
Or knowledge with our fathers dwelt,
Man's instinct felt the power concealed,
Though blind to see the sun it felt ;
Man owned the might of conscience-law,
Amid the wrongs which clouded right,
In darkness bent the knee with awe
Unto the East, and prayed for light ;
Till revelation unto reason proved
The unknown power to whom the compass moved.

OUR HAPPY ENGLISH HOME.

Noblest hearts pine not for treasure !

Neither do they thirst for power !

Nor to clasp the wanton, Pleasure,

Sighing in her syren bower !

Covet not a glory fleeting,

Spread as far as ocean's foam !

All their aspirations meeting

In a happy English home !

That free home, in whose calm bosom

Tranquilly we can recline,

Where the heart can freely blossom,

Blossom into joy divine !

By whose peaceful fire-side seated,

But affection to control,

By the tongue can be repeated

All the music of the soul !

Round its hearth the graces gather,

All their beauty there combine !

'Tis a temple which our Father

Brightens with a smile benign !

Every gracious human feeling

Calling into generous play,

Teaching life, by love's revealing,

'Tis not all—all made of clay !

Shielded from the tyrant's lightning,
Sheltered from tumultuous throngs,
Here the heart, in pleasure brightening,
Like the lark, pours out its songs !
But the hymns, this moment soaring
Up to God, through heaven's white foam,
Can breathe millions' heart-adoring,
For our happy English home !



THE DEFEAT OF CARTHAGE.

Vide Professor Creasy's admirable History of the Decisive Battles of the World, one of whose spirit-stirring descriptions, first seen in Bentley's Miscellany, inspired this poem.

HASDRUBAL camped by Canusium, with his veteran army
lay,
There, the Roman power before him held his wasted ranks
at bay ;
Rome and Carthage, long contending, paused in unabated
hate,
For the crisis of their struggle, and the battle of their fate !
Rome has called forth all her people, yet, from their
diminished rolls,
Scarce can, for her armies muster, seven-score thousand
fighting souls ;

So much have her numbers wasted—so much has her
strength declined,

'Fore the mighty shock of Carthage, generalled by her
greatest mind.

Hasdrubal has passed the mountains, by the Adriatic
shore,

On he comes to Ariminum, driving Rome's last hope
before.

Carthage! Rome! for death or triumph['] are your ensigns
now unfurled,

They shall wave above the mistress, or the proverb of a
world! .

Scarcely three-score leagues, oh Romans! now the mighty
armies sever,

At whose junction falls your city, sinks your sovereignty
for ever!

Hasten on, Hasdrubal! hasten, while the Roman ranks
retire!

Join your brother! and accomplish what he swore before
your sire!

Send your messengers before you, secretly, along the land,
If you write, the life of Carthage they shall bear within
their hand!

"Take this letter to my brother, Hasdrubal is hither come,
Onwards now towards Umbria marching, thence to march
with thee to Rome!"

On the messengers are speeding, and the camp is near
attained,

When they're captured by the Romans, as the goal is all
but gained.

Hasdrubal ! thy fatal missive now before the Consul lies !
Carthage ! all thy secret counsel is betrayed to Roman eyes !
Yet, Rome ! if thy general falter, down thine empire shall
be hurled ;

Carthage on its ruins rising, mistress of a prostrate world !
“ Quick ! my choicest soldiers muster ! arm, to fight against
the foe !

Hasdrubal is marching on us, and against him we must go !
If united are their armies, crushed must then our legions be ;
Then up ! to save the life of Rome ! and march to victory
on with me !”

Nero's band is hastening onwards, onwards, without stop
or stay !

On the Roman chief is rushing, like an eagle on his prey !
He has reached the blended armies, which old Livius
now commands,

Fore the vanguard, slow retiring, of the Carthaginian
bands.

“ Hasdrubal, thou art outgeneralled ! Carthage, now thou
art undone !

Gods ! his pen has lost the victory, which his sword alone
had won !

Yet your gallant chieftain, Carthage ! though mishap his
host enthrall,

If he do not greatly triumph, at the least shall greatly fall !
All a general can accomplish by your general shall be
done,

But by your wills, Gods immortal ! 'tis that victory's lost
or won !”

'Fore the onset of three armies, Hasdrubal would fain
retreat,
But, encumbered with raw levies, he must stand and risk
defeat.
Wheeling round upon the Roman, by Metaurus' shining
stream,
Bright the spears of Carthage glitter, and her ensigus
proudly gleam;
With his elephants before him, like a chain of moving
towers,
Hasdrubal draws up his levies, marshals all his martial
powers;
On the left his Gauls are stationed, on a steep and rugged
height,
Dark Ligurians form the centre, dark Iberians guard the
right.
Rome advances to the onset, Consuls leading either wings,
While the veteran Prætor Porcius, to the fight the centre
brings;
Peal out, trumpets! louder! louder! o'er the nation's
gathering cries!
Come, ye vultures! to the combat! where an army—
nation dies!
Stones are hailing, arrows showering, javelins hurtling
through the air,
Clashing swords, and shields, and cymbals, crash to Mars
the murderer, there!
"Strike like death, oh Carthaginians! with each blow a
Roman fell!

Strike them down to mighty Melec ! strike them down to
gloomy hell !

What ! oh Romans ! shall your eagles now before yon
hawks decline ?

Shall yon motley host of cowards beat the she-wolf's
martial line ?

Gods ! it is a fearful vision, gazing on the battle-shock,
Where Mars' nation-sinking thunder, shattering strikes
Bellona's rock !"

Long the genius of the general, with the stubborn spears
of Spain,

Meets the legion's shock unbending, holds his own upon
the plain !

Victory hovers o'er each army, as they waver to and fro,
When the genius of the Roman strikes the hope of
Carthage low.

Nero, baffled by the nature of the steep and rugged ground,
Which, as with a natural rampart, Gallia's levies does
surround,

Leads a brigade of his bravest round upon the Roman rear,
On their flank who fight with Livius, brings their sudden
shock to bear.

Borne down by that charge, and broken, back by whelm-
ing numbers cast,

Die the Spaniards and Ligurians, striking sternly to the
last !

And the Gauls, who still quiescent stand upon their
rugged steep,

Soon the Roman swords are slaughtering, as a butcher
lutchers sheep.

Hasdrubal looks o'er the valley, where at morn, he proudly
stood,
Views majestic Carthage sinking—sinking in her soldier's
blood !
Scorning to survive his army, spurs amid the Roman
hordes,
Striking at his country's smiters, as he falls beneath their
swords.
Hannibal awaits his brother, he beholds his brother—
dead !
In his camp the savage Roman casts the Carthaginian's
head.
Weep, oh brother ! o'er the features whence once flashed
Hamilcar's pride,
As Hasdrubal saw your genius over Rome prostrated ride.
Rome shall henceforth be the victor ! Carthage, 'neath her
armies hurled,
Tremblingly shall wait the fiat of the mistress of the world !



COLWICK LANE.

Come away to Colwick wildwood—
Come away down Colwick Lane ;
As we wandered there in childhood,
Let us ramble there again !

By the hill-side steep ascending,
Overboughed by arches green,
Darkly overhead impending,
Shading all the pleasant scene !

There retreating—here advancing,
See the ever-shifting view ;
Rich plantations round us glancing,
Dark against the beaming blue !
Here, the high park opening o'er us,
Showing nature's secret charms ;
There, the low park spread before us,
Clasps us in its sylvan arms !

Past the hall, and steeple hoary,
Girted by encircling trees,—
Past each high wood's stately glory,
Waving grandly in the breeze ;
Past the village—onward roaming,
Over meadows, bright and still,
Till we pause beneath the gloaming,
By the white cot on the hill.

Come away to Colwick wildwood—
Come away down Colwick Lane ;
As we wandered there in childhood,
Let us ramble there again !
By the hill-side steep ascending,
Overboughed by arches green,
Darkly overhead impending,
Shading all the pleasant scene !

WILFORD.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. T. WHITEHEAD,
OF THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.

How pleasantly, Wilford, thou stand'st by the Trent,
Where the clear rushing river goes sparkling away,
As graceful as beauty, as calm as content,
And as bright as the morn of a midsummer day.
Oh, gay sing the birds in the sweet sunny bowers,
Whose bloom thy Elm-row from the northern blast shields,
And blithe hum the bees as they sport o'er the flowers
Which brighten thy gardens, and blossom thy fields.

Shaded by branches which time has wove o'er it,
Wilford embowered in a green covert lies ;
The Trent and its bright valley opening before it,
While grove-covered hills in the distance arise ;
Here, lying down in tranquillity's bower,
Betwixt the green boughs we the landscape survey,
Meadows, Park, Castle, town, spire, hall, and tower,
Reposing around in the glory of day.

Beauty is blooming o'er hedge, tree, and flower,
The May-glance of Spring flashes bright from her eye,
And falls on the village a streaming sun-shower,
A cataract of light bursting out from the sky.
Oh Wilford ! whoever thy lanes now explore,
Will perhaps form the wish at this moment is mine,
For a cottage like yon with the porch at the door,
Where woodbines with roses their blossoms entwine.

Hoary old tower ! that for ages has stood,
Curtained around by thy leafy array,
Thy noble old elms now arise o'er the flood,
Like giants, defending their chief from decay ;
What tales thou could'st tell of the long-vanished years,
The past generations once played on the green,
Where the old sycamore like a patriarch appears,
The little thatched cottages skirting the scene.

Oft has the muse, in thy green churchyard lying,
Dreamed in the shade on a bright summer day,
While softly the winds thro' thy elm-screen were sighing,
And murmuring the river, meandering away ;
Mused o'er the dust which is scattered beneath thee,
That perished past which no charm can restore,
And sighed to the trees whose broad branches enwreath thee,
Ye rise from a grave that existed of yore.

One Manor House ! standing hard by the river,
Whose swift current washes thy mouldering wall,
Darkly thine ivy-wreathed sombre firs quiver,
In the garden in front of the humble white hall ;
To what prouder mansion could wisdom aspire ?
If fortune to us such a cottage would give,
Contented as peace to our home we'd retire,
And happy as joy in tranquillity live.

There hail the first rays of the morning sun glowing,
In crimson and gold on the bright river's breast,—
Adore, when o'er heaven his glory-blaze throwing,
He smiles like a god as he sinks to his rest ;

And when night her children, the stars, should discover,
Through eternity soaring, on pinions of flame,
We'd watch the bright orbs, as our sky they rolled over,
And catch heaven's hymns as from glory they came.

Oh Wilford ! 'tis sweet through thy quiet lanes roaming,
Feasting on charms that have prompted my stave,
In the rich golden light of the midsummer gloaming,
While green boughs above us melodiously wave ;
Rambling by gardens where lilies and roses
Diffuse their delicious perfume on the gale,
Feeling the village which round us reposes,
The fairest of all is in Trent's pleasant vale.



CARVER'S PUNCH-BOWL ;

OR, THE WHITE HOUSE AT WILFORD.

RURAL old inn ! embowered among the trees,
Whose ancient branches round about thee play,
Causing a sweet and cool refreshing breeze,
To fan the traveller on his sultry way ;
Would that my pen thy white walls could pourtray,
Just as they rise now, smiling o'er the scene,
Where the bright Trent meandering flows away,
By gardens, groves, and bowers, and meadows green.

Cheerful old friend ! I love on thee to gaze,
 Standing secure upon thy well-known shore :
Thou dost recall to mind the brighter days,
 When hopes were blooming which shall bloom no more ;
The boyhood, childhood, that were past before,
 I saw the beauty which I now descry,
When fancy did to fame and fortune soar,
 And life was lovely as a cloudless sky.

Come, Spot ! my friend, we'll cross the Trent once more,
 To smoke a pipe and drink a glass I ween ;
Ho ! ferryman ! come waft me swiftly o'er
 To the Punch-Bowl, 'tis twelve months since I've been,
To blow a cloud beneath the branches green,
 And watch the smoke go curling to the sky,
Whose radiant blue betwixt the boughs is seen,
 Divinely smiling on the enraptured eye.

Here is the kitchen,—all with pleasure see
 A quaint old picture of the olden time,
Exactly what a country house should be,
 In good old England's law-protected clime ;
Oft many a good old soul, with liquor prime
 Has primed himself here, while he charged his gun,
On this quaint carved oak settle, worn with time,
 Chuckling with glee, as though he felt all fun.

Before this fireplace wide, with hobs so old,
 Snug in each corner, by the faggots' light,
While up the chimney large the smoke has rolled,
 What social souls have sate the winter's night !

Deciding who was wrong, and what was right,—
Laying down law from which none might appeal ;
While o'er the landscape swept the snow-storm white,
And in strong bands of ice Trent did congeal.

Alas ! they're gone—their tongues have ceased to wag—
Nor left a scintillation of their wit ;
The stomachs, dust, that swallowed many a keg —
The places empty where they used to sit ;
Perhaps in you churchyard may be left a bit
Of bone, or tombstone, wasted by the weather,
Relics of ages here who used to sit,
Their pipes to smoke, and crack their jokes together.

We'll just glance round the parlour for a minute,—
A spacious boarded room we here desery,
Where we've drank tea with *creme de campagne* in it,
And squeezed a pretty hand upon the sly ;
Gazing on smiles that caused us many a sigh,
Watching the Trent go glittering down the land,
And Nottingham afar beyond it lie,
With all the landscape that we hence command.

Now let us out into the garden fair,
A quiet spot for quiet cogitation,
Where nothing of the noisy town we hear,
Or politics, with all their botheration ;
Here we will sit awhile in contemplation,
With the bright light of May thro' green leaves glowing,
The canny rooks cawing their conversation,
And pleasant fancies through the spirit flowing.

We've smoked our pipe here many a tranquil hour,
In these green arbours shaded from the sun,
We've seen this garden turned to beauty's bower,
But last midsummer all alive with fun ;
When 'twould have made a hermit hither run,
To have seen the village *belles* here brave the weather,
And the greybeard exclaim, whose race was done,
"Bless 'em, I long to kiss 'em altogether !"

It was a village fête, a such like scene
As graced old England when a happier isle,
The blooming lasses danced upon the green,
And happy hearts on happy hearts did smile ;
And merriest music played harmonious, while
The bright full moon rose peeping through the boughs,
And songs were sung, and tales told to beguile
A festival as sweet as lovers' vows.

Perchance this rhyme may live on history's pages,
Therefore "mine host" I'll pourtray if I can,
And give his likeness to all future ages :
A tall, erect, hale-looking gentleman,
Past the threescore-ten years of David's span,
He seems quite unimpaired by all his labours,
And looks and lives just like an Englishman,
Respected by his servants and his neighbours.

BYRON AND ADA'S TOMB.

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart!"

BENEATH the village steeple grey,
They meet at last in death's embrace,
The "Childe" of "Harold's" sombre lay,
The gifted daughter of his race,
Within the dark oblivious place,
Where all the storms of passion cease,
And mortal eye can mark no trace
Of suffering to disturb its peace.

Around their consecrated hall,
The winter winds shall wailing sweep,
The moonlight o'er it chastened fall,
The dews of even dimly weep ;
Above their dumb unwaking sleep,
The midnight heaven sublimely spread,
And solemn stars for ages keep
Their nightly watch above the dead.

Within their death-appointed goal
Shall sire and daughter silent lie,
While seasons over seasons roll,
And men are born, and nations die :
Beneath the all-embracing sky,
Thus lowly sink the tomb of fame,
While through revolving centuries fly
The echoes of his deathless name.

And soft shall fall the future's ray
Upon the night enwraps their form,
Where cold o'er nature creeps decay,
Where genius, beauty, feast the worm,
Where every strife and every storm
That strike the good and smite the brave,
The unvexed peace cannot deform,
Of Byron and of Ada's grave.

THE UPRISING OF HUNGARY.

ARISE to the combat ! the trumpets are sounding,
And where's the Hungarian will shrink from their call !
March on to the battle ! with hearts proudly bounding,
For freedom to stand, or with freedom to fall !
Oh ! land of the vine-covered valleys and mountains,
Shall we live to defile thee with slavery's breath !
Oh ! our blood rushes free as the leap of thy fountains,
To the music which summons thy children to death !
To the red-handed slaughter its wild notes are
knelling !
To the triumph, oh Kossuth ! its proud notes are
telling,
Whose sound with the fame of our fathers is swelling,
Who died to achieve what we'll die to restore !

Louder ! yet louder ! the alarm is tolling !

One sigh to the 'Theiss-watered valley—'tis fled !

Oh, Kossuth ! thy voice on the war-blast is rolling,

And the shades of slain heroes all start from the dead !

Like clouds of the tempest, they're hovering o'er us,

As down we descend to the foe-covered plain,

Whence victory, Hungary ! again shall restore us,

Or the tears of thy daughters weep over the slain !

Shall we yield up our children to slavery for ever ?

The kingdom resign of our free-fathers ?—Never !

March on to the battle ! where death shall but sever

The flag from our grasp every life shall sustain !



INVOCATION TO POETRY.

Oh Poetry ! thou melody of love !

Oh earthly echo of the speech of heaven !

Light of the sun, and essence of the morn !

Charm of the scene, and beauty of the flower !

Smile of our smiles, and water of our tears !

Prayer of our grief, and music of our joy !

Soul of our sense, and beauty of our soul !

Immortal angel shrined in mortal clay !

Divine interpreter of Deity !

Electrify the frozen heart of man,

And light humanity with Divinity ;

Give us the measure of a larger time,
Make us believe felicity--a good :
Convince the sceptic who distrusts thy power,
Thou art the prophet of our destiny !
Give us a frownless home, a heaven of smiles,
Give us a stormless state, an Eden-peace ;
Give us a tearless life, a curseless bliss,
Allay the tempest, and enlight the calm,
Subdue the savage, and exalt the sage,
Emancipate the slave, enthrone the free,
Strike down the wrong, and lift the right on high !
Oh, stab with joy the long despair of man,
Blaze through the night a world-awakening day !
And gorge the famine of earth's hungry heart,
And quench the parching of its pining hope
With mercy-manna, with soul-quickenings food,
With knowledge-draughts nectarian, drawn from thee !
Arise ! sing songs of joy to all mankind !
Arise ! and with a heart-shake move the globe !
Arise ! arise ! arise ! to change the world,
And bathe its flinty ribs in tears divine !
Trample with thunder-feet on every wrong !
Strike out with lightning-arms for every right !
For Love ! Truth ! Reason ! Mercy ! Liberty !
Arise !
Call nature up from death, to life sublime,
Where man stands smiling in the light of heaven,
And nations march to thunder-bursts of joy,
For ever, and for everlasting--free !


THE SOUL'S LIKE A SWALLOW ON WINTER'S
DARK STRAND.

THE soul's like a swallow on winter's dark strand,
That yearns for the shore of a bright summer-land ;
Its faith is the instinct awakes in the storm,
Fore-feeling a future no tempests deform ;
Nor science nor reason demonstrate a heaven,
To which, o'er death's ocean, the spirit shall flee ;
But both prove an instinct to man which is given,
Which points, like the birds, to a shore we can't see.

Without reason or science the birds o'er the ocean,
To sun-lands were led by instinctive emotion ;
Where reason, for ages, shrank backward in awe
From the storm-path to havens those ages ne'er saw,
Inspired with the faith which is truth's consolation,
The soul is a flower-seed tombed in the sod,
That feels, through its night, burns the light of creation,
And aspires, through the gloom, to the glory of God.

When fortune deceives, and affection betrays,
O'er the hopes that lie scattered hope's fountain still plays,
Like the blood of our being, that flows with our breath,
It sparkles through life, and it brightens in death :
At the instant of death I have gazed on it brightening
The face with a smile, while it pointed on high,
Across the dark night an electric flash lightening,
Revealing a life that is veiled by the sky.

In a womanless world how the spirit would pine
For the angel unknown, with an instinct divine ;
Ev'n so do we yearn, in the hour of despair,
'Mid the tears of this world, for a sorrowless sphere ;
And prayer, bursting forth with breast-heaving emotion,
Like an earthquake, oh earth ! writes in mountains on thee :
The *something* we kneel to with deepest devotion,
Is *something* too glorious for science to see !



SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

HA ! hah ! where's the strength with the giant's can vie ?
Hoh ! hoh ! where's the steed shall my courser outfly !
As thus I rush forth on the car of my pride,
As away on my chariot of glory I glide.
As swift as an arrow, as straight as its flight,
Like a meteor I shoot through the shadows of night ;
I roll through the rocks, like a storm through the sky,
The massive bridge bends as my train passes by.
The earth trembles under my world-shaking tread,
As I dew all the air with the sweat that I shed ;
I ride on the winds as I rush o'er the sea,
My snort shakes the hills as beneath them I flee.
A town shines before me, a moment 'tis past,
It gleams dull behind in the smoke of my blast ;

A flash, like a fire-star, pierceth the gloom,
A breath—and 'tis lost in the night's rayless tomb.
O'er rivers, by cities, through mountains and vales,
I fly, while behind lag the slow-moving gales ;
I pass o'er an empire's domains in a night,
I measure a continent's breadth in my flight ;
And while the cold breezes my warm embers fan,
I trumpet the song of his triumph to man !


UNFORTUNATE LOVE. *

ARISING from the moments rolled
For ever to oblivion's sea,
A lovely girl I now behold
Stand smiling on a summer lea ;
Green boughs their branches o'er her fling,
A river sparkles down a vale,
And flowers around her pathway spring,
While birds sing to the southern gale.

Green spot in memory's waste ! again
I taste the luxury of the hour,
When wandering on from Wilford plain
With beauty up to Clifton bower ;

Though many a youthful maiden fair
 Stood smiling in that sylvan scene,
Thou wer't the loveliest virgin there—
 The fairest flower that decked the green.

Well! I'll not mourn, though now a tear
 Of tenderness bedew mine eye,
To see how youth can disappear,
 To feel the heart within me die!
Sweet as her smile be Marion's fate,
 Fair as herself her fortune prove,—
I never can be desolate,
 Since Virtue taught me, love to love!



THE GLORIOUS WORLDS THAT O'ER US ROLL.

THE glorious worlds that o'er us roll,
 The suns which sit those orbs among,
Above the line, or o'er the pole,
 Opposing forces wheel along.
One power alone, and all would fly,—
 One power alone, and all would fall,—
But both combined control the sky,
 And bind in deathless order all!

And as in matter, so in mind,
 Conflicting forces move it too ;
From thoughts contending of mankind,
 At last result the thoughts are true.
Yet men from opposition shrink,
 Though old experience sings the song :
Opposed opinions make ye think,
 Evoke my truth out clear and strong.

Man's speech should chainless be as air,
 His thoughts unfettered be as light,
For these alone the race can bear,
 Round God's eternal sphere of right.
Is anarchy supreme ? we fly ;
 If despotism rule, we fall ;
By freedom's force, round freedom's sky,
 Alone can move the truth for all !



SCRAP OF A LONGER POEM.

Oh say not, while *men* ignorant are,
 That *man* can truly happy be ;
The soul whose strength with all can war,
 Is darkened by one enemy ;

And while gross ignorance on the earth
Abide but in one godless soul,
'Twill cast a shade o'er nature's mirth,
And cloud the sun that lights the whole.

It darkens o'er the spirit's bloom,
It makes the life of life turn pale,
Casts o'er the heart the battle's gloom,
If but one foe or fear assail ;
For but in peace without a care,
For but in bliss without a ban,
In love's god-light, and joy's heaven-air,
Can flower the angel-soul of man.

I murmur not 'gainst heaven's decrees,
My reason right its ways can trace,
And man and mankind's destinies,
With evil lies in Good's embrace ;
But till the laws mankind have planned
Accord with those their God designed,
Shall ignorance darken every land,
With laws that murder heart and mind.

And oh ! beneath the future's light,
I see a world of beauty shine—
A world of goodness, grandeur, might,
Which harmonizes, God, with thine !
Hark ! units there harmonious sing,
As drops, in streams united, move,
And flow before the awful King,
Who crowns their liberty with love !

The modern Cæsar's awless mind,
 Whose giant strength all nations swayed,
 Fly-like, was crushed beneath mankind,
 When fortune frowned, and fate betrayed ;
 And ev'n the Queen, who rules the land,
 Though bucklered by her people all,
 Cannot arrest the assassin's hand,
 When aimed at her the assassin's ball !



A SPRING SONG.

Come away, where the sunshine of April is flinging
 Its brightness o'er woodland, and upland and plain ;
 Come away, where the music of nature is singing
 To echoes symphonious which answer again.
 Over hill, over valley, we'll wander together,
 As free as the birds, that around us we see,
 Sunning our hearts in the light-laughing weather,
 As happy as youth, love, and beauty can be !

Through soft glowing meadows, o'erblossomed with flowers,
 Where, dazzling as morning, the streams roll away,
 Through groves and thro' gardens with soft shady bowers,
 The green world o'erarched by the blue dome of day,
 By homestead and hamlet, hall, village, and spire,
 Come away thro' the sunshine, love ! wander with me,
 Till the eve-star display her bright circlet of fire,
 As happy as youth, love, and beauty can be !

We'll banish all care far away from our bosom,
 The glories of life, love, and nature we'll sing,
 Till our hearts in their music to rapture shall blossom,
 Like rosebuds that blow in the sunshine of spring !
 All the world shall be ours, love ! and smile on us yonder,
 Every cottage our own that around us we see ;
 Then come, through the sunshine away let us wander,
 As happy as youth, love, and beauty can be !

In some leafy bower ourselves we'll enthrone, love !
 Where primrose and violet beneath us shall spring,
 Where this modest cheek I will press to my own, love !
 And kiss it to carols the birds round us sing ;
 There, sunning our souls in the light-laughing weather,
 While green field and blue hill around us we see,
 Embracing, we'll rest on their bosom together,
 As happy as youth, love, and beauty can be !

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON A LADY PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

THE trembling chords unto her touch reply,
 In tones harmonious that around us quire,
 Like songs, that to the smiles of beauty sigh
 The adoration they alone inspire ;

Oh for a genius of Byronian fire,
To echo back the sounds I've heard to-night,
But poetry, thy most celestial lyre
Would breathe but discord for their sweet delight ;
Oh music ! music ! heavenly music ! might
But life move to thy loftiest, noblest strain,
How soon would man march on the path of right,
To paradise and all its flowers again !
His law but harmony—his being this,
Each pulse a rapture, and each breath a bliss !

WE ROAMED BY THE TRENT, WHEN THE
STARS, SWEETLY SHINING.

We roamed by the Trent, when the stars, sweetly shining,
Serenely were glassed in the beautiful stream ;
Upon the greensward we sank pensive reclining,
And watched in the waters a universe beam.
Roll on, lovely river ! roll on to the ocean,
The deep to the skies shall thy waters restore ;
But what to this bosom, when death stills its motion,
Shall give back the being which comes back no more !
What ages have lapsed, unrecorded their story,
Since first, oh bright river, thy rolling began,
Oh ! nations have perished, unnoted their glory,
Since first thy green banks felt the footstep of man.

Like flowers on the strand wherein nature hath bound thee,
Generations have risen in manhood's young bloom ;
Like leaves that are falling when winter comes round thee,
Have faded—have fallen, and where is their tomb ?
I rest on their dust—it is scattered beneath me,
'Tis shed o'er thy valley and spread by thy shore ;
The leaves of the trees whose dark branches enwreath thee,
Are sighing o'er silence, was music before.
But thou rollest bright as thou did'st at creation,
Time in thy glory no dimness can spy ;
Oh, mourn, lovely river, for man's desolation,
We gaze on thy stream, like our sires, and we die !



BROXTOWE.

Who has not wandered to see the primroses,
In Broxtowe's romantic and beautiful dale ?
When a bright bed of bloom on the green slope reposes,
A golden cloud spread down the length of the vale ;
There, frolicksome, round you the lambkins come playing,
On the top of the sunny bank frisking with glee,
And down the broad meadow the zephyrs go straying,
To sport with the flower-clusters round us we see.
The fair flowers again from the thick tufts are springing,
In the beautiful smile of the bright happy morn ;
The gay little birds, in the wild coverts singing,
In the gloom of the winter lay waste and forlorn ;

The pleasant fields laugh in the warm sunny weather,
 The thickets turn green as in that happy day,
 When up the hill-side we went rambling together,
 To Strelley's fair park, culling flowers by the way.

Once more let us go where the bright sky is glowing,
 Blue over the broad meadow's beautiful sheen,—
 Cross over the brook at its foot that is flowing,
 To the wild tangled copse which beyond it is seen ;
 And there, in that calm little haven reposing,
 We'll watch the bright flowers in that quiet nook born,
 Till the hopes of our souls, like their petals unclosing,
 Shall blossom anew in God's beautiful morn !



LIFE-GIVING POWER ! WHO SITT'ST
 ABOVE.

LIFE-GIVING Power ! who sitt'st above
 The loftiest height our thought can climb ,
 Oh, God-creating God ! oh Love !
 Who reared the morning-arch of time !

There is no pang can pain the heart,
 There is no grief can gall the soul,
 If reason feel assured Thou art !
 That Life exists can death control !

The slightest insects which can crawl,
The smallest systems that can be,
Their lives, their combinations, all
Are moved by laws that move by Thee !

And has the law-directed plan,
Which counts and weighs all atoms o'er,
Without law left despairing man,
Who to a central sun can soar ?

Oh, while earth's vast and radiant ball,
All bright with light and life, shall be
Embraced by space's glory-hall,
Even death itself still lives in Thee !

Yet, sway to peace the civil wars,
Which make man's world a smiling hell !
Yet, charm to love the endless jars,
Now murdering minds where life should dwell !

Shower down some grand and god-like thought,
Along united man to thrill,
Some gentle gracious heaven-dew, fraught
With angel-tears, from Mercy's hill !

To melt the sage into a child,
Transform the savage to a man,
To brighten life's care-blighted wild
With flowers of love no thorns shall ban !

To make us feel our wisdom naught,
How poor all sense and soul can span,
Unto one honest tear-drop, fraught
With love to God, and good to man!



AZURE HEAVENS ABOVE ME SHINING.

AZURE heavens above me shining,
Rising over earth and sea,
Where's the eye can gaze repining
On your mighty canopy?

Oh! how fair your soft serenity,
Blue and overbending skies,
Happy earth, in vernal greenness,
In your bosom trembling lies.

Tranquil heavens! a world enclosing,
Could I fly from this low sod,
On your beauty soon reposing
Would I lie, oh Arms of God!

Far from life and all its bubbles,
I would fly to bliss above,
Far from man and all his troubles,
I would rise to peace and love!

Life's rough waves are beating round me,
Over all ye sweetly shine,
Evil may awhile confound me,
But your bright halls shall be mine!

OH! THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN THE SOUL.

OH! there are moments when the soul
Heaves like a dark and stormy sea,
When thoughts across the memory roll,
Of all we've *sought*—yet *failed* to be,
When, standing in the waste of years,
We back the hopes of youth recall,
And see, through eyes o'erbrimmed with tears,
How time has dimmed the bloom of all!

When spring with flowers adorned the brow,
And buoyant rose our careless pride,
When all the strength that's drooping now,
A world to stop, or tame, defied!
When faucy, with a vision keen,
Beheld, beneath the future's sky,
A fairer lot—a happier scene,
Than those which now before us lie!

How has experience 'reft the heart
Of all it fondly did believe,
And formed the fate, and fixed the part,
Not heaven itself can now retrieve.
Oh ! there are some who vainly seek
To win the meed desert should crown,
But toil in vain, and, *effort* weak,
'Gainst what has dashed e'en kingdoms down !

What can a single arm avail
Against what armies does control,
'Gainst what has turned the nations pale,
And struck down many a mighty soul ?
Oh, yes ! 'tis bootless all to mourn,
Oh, yes ! 'tis weakness all to grieve,
Yet does my soul the fortune spurn,
And scorn the fate it can't retrieve !

THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH IS HE.

THE greatest man on earth is he
Whom circumstance cannot control,
Who stands before necessity,
And rules it with a mighty soul ;

True as the needle to the pole,
 No doubt can shake his steadfast mind,
 Resolved to march to wisdom's goal,
 Though marching with or through mankind :

The greatest man on earth is he,
 Most fortunate, who freeliest gives,
 Who ill, no other eye can see,
 Beholds, and, like a God, relieves !
 Who good, no other mind conceives,
 Perceives, e'er acting on a plan,
 This epitaph behind him leaves—
 His prayers to God were--deeds for man !

CALUMNY.

WHERE is Thy justice, God of Right,
 Wherewith thou shield's thy votaries' breast ?
 Is virtue left without a light,
 When Oatlean plots assail its rest ?

No ! in the hour when wrong assails,
 The heart whose pulses beat to Thee—
 The power whose wall Thy bosom mails—
 Shall placed before Thy votaries be.

God's grace descends upon the heart,
To nerve it with a strength divine,
To heal with good all evil smart,
And light earth's night with Eden's shine.

Go! bare thy brow beneath the skies,
And let thy soul to heaven ascend,
And bear, in prayer to God, the sighs
To blessings turned shall back descend.

For while the showers of nature flow,
To dew with tears the o'erwrought brain,
The grace of God shall through thee go,
And back restore thy faith again;

Shall raise thee o'er the wrongs of earth—
Exalt thee o'er the woes of time—
Impart to thee that second birth,
Which renders man, like God, sublime!

We are not left without a shield—
The soul is not without a stay,
Time may sink all yon starry field,
Himself—*but man* can cast away!

Yes! in the hour of pain and death,
The life that points to God shall be
Baptised in His sweet mercy-breath,
And clasped in His Divinity!

The frame may bend beneath the blast—
The soul shall soar above the sun—
The stream that earthly clouds o'ercast,
Shall bright in heaven for ever run!

Walled by its own reflective thought,
The mind a universe defies,
To slay the peace its life has bought,
Though man that life may sacrifice.

Upon the rock it rests, secure,
And clasping God's eternal will,
By *right obeyed* can wrong endure,
And triumph o'er the scowls of ill.

Yes! in the hour of deepest woe,
The life which points to God shall be
Dewed by His own sweet mercy-flower,
And clasped in His Divinity!



A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE new year's dawning, shout a song
Before the old year die!
And bring a smile into his heart,
A tear-drop in his eye.

Oh Truth ! come sound a trumpet-blast,
At which the pulse shall thrill !
Oh, Good on earth, as heaven, at last
Shall triumph over ill !

For many an age of blasting hate,
What butchers' peace have slain,
Made Force dictator of the fate,
O'er which yet Thought shall reign.
As o'er the past the present soars,
O'er it the future will,
Till Good on earth, as heaven, at last
Shall triumph over ill !

Though black the darkness frown below,
The dawning smiles above ;
Man shall not aye be slave of woe,
Nor hate the lord of love.
Faith down by doubt shall not be east,
But joy despair shall kill,
And Good on earth, as heaven, at last
Shall triumph over ill !

If we on history cast the eye,
The inference is plain,
That ignorance at God's foot shall die,
And knowledge glorious reign !
Aye ! truth shall sound a thunder-blast,
Whose rapture man shall thrill,
As Good on earth, hurrah ! at last
Triumphs over ill !

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

'Tis pity best gifts should be turned to worst use,
 That the music of reason should sink to abuse ;
 But the tongue or the pen can say anything ill,
 Both do of you, let you be what you will.
 Yet when falsehood hurls at you her venomous dart,
 The reply is the fact which is proved by the heart ;
 And the noblest revenge to the spirit is given,
 Which returns good for ill—feeling glorious as heaven ;
 Whose horizon's too great e'er to vex with a storm,
 That its peace could disturb, or its beauty deform ;
 Oh ! unless disease darken both body and mind,
 It can smile, like a god, at the frown of mankind !



THE CENTRAL SUN.

MIRROR of the All-creator !—Blazing disk of dazzling day !
 Fire-heart of eternity ! myriad million worlds obey !
 What can picture the tremendous blaze of thy stupendous
 frame,
 Yon Infinity ensphered in one Immensity of flame !
 But as well might hand of mortal try at once the world to
 grasp,

As the most sublime conception hold thee, Sun, within its
clasp!

From thy blaze thy systems, shrinking, turn to hide their
face in night,

All we see is but a sparkle of thy universe of light!

What an orange to our sun is, is the solar orb to thine,

What the midnight to the morning, our day to thy
glory-shine ;

What a leaf unto a forest, what a wave unto a sea,

What the least thing to the greatest, is our greatest thought
to thee !

Galaxies revolve around thee, like the clouds from ocean
flung,

Wheeling round the orb stupendous from whose breast
their millions sprung !

And yet thou pillar'st but a vista of the temple where
we be,

But a link thy orb stupendous of God's sphere—
immensity !

Do thy souls as much surpass ours, as thyself doth earth
exceed ?

If thy minds but match thy greatness, they are glorious
minds indeed !

If Newton-souls, born in our darkness, here could analyse
thy ray,

What giant spirits fire the grandeurs of thy never-setting
day !

Vaster than imagination is thy most Jehovian mind,

Bears as much thought in its genius as a nation of
mankind !

Ar't the Paradise of nature, whither souls like sunbeams
fly,

Like the dawning o'er the ocean, like the morning o'er the
sky?

When death frees the soul of virtue, is it by attraction
borne

On electric currents gliding, through the gateway of the
morn?

Were but quenched thy shadeless glory, lighter of the
eternal hall,

In a polar grave of darkness would the corse of nature
fall?

Then say, oh monarch of the morning! say, oh sovereign
of the sky!

If without thee worlds would perish, if without thee suns
would die!

Say, stupendous Star! whose Magnet orbs unnumbered
doth sustain,

Does around the Space-enlightener only death and dark-
ness reign?

No! thy burning beams they blazon, far as Nature's
farthest sphere,


Blaze a glory-state of being, void of death, and doubt,
and fear!

Where, like eagles in mid-ether, angels hover in the
light,

Blaze across thy heavens so gorgeous, like stars falling
through our night,

Where mind floats within thy splendour, far as farthest
comets soar,

Like the Aurora's flash returning, backwards to the
blazing shore !
In *The Kingdom*—many mansions—sing the stars around
we see !
From this grave-world yawns beneath him, shall man soar,
oh Sun, to thee ?
Crime, in its own darkness sinking, far from Virtue's
beauty-sod,
See it thro' the stars ascending, even to the throne of God ?
Lo ! like hailstones from the thunder, showered thy sys-
tems, Sun, from thee !
As, like lightning from the tempest, blazed from God the
light we see !
Mirror of the Eternal Glory !—Blazing disk of dazzling day !
Fire-throne of the Everlasting ! myriad million worlds
obey !
What can thunder the tremendous roll of thy stupendous
might,
Yon Infinity revolving, one Immensity of light !



THE HOPE OF KOSSUTH.

HUNGARY ! free Albion laments o'er thy fall,
As she looks o'er the desert where liberty bloomed,
And frowns at the tyrant whose armies enthrall,
And curses the traitor whose treason has doomed.

Yet Faith, star-like, burns o'er the night of thy woe ;
 Oh ! ne'er let the hope of the morning depart,
 Which nerved thy young heroes with Freedom to go,
 Against the fell tyrant who aimed at her heart.

Shall wrong ever triumph o'er reason and right ?
 Shall despots for ever the nations enthrall ?
 Oh ! proudly thy future shall marshal the might,
 Before which the throne of thy tyrant shall fall.

And yet from the dungeon where despots have bound thee,
 And yet from the dust where barbarians have hurled.
 Bursting the fetters their armies cast round thee,
 Shall rise the young giant who fell for a world !



A CHRYSTEMASSE CARROLLE.

COME gyve us a sonnge, forre ye seasonne is heere,
 Whenne ye mynnstrelle yffe ever shoulde wakenne hys lyre,
 Ande warbble a carrolle, lyke Chrystemasse goode cheere,
 As snuglye wee sytte bye ye logge-coverede fyre ;
 Wee'lle thynke offe ye Chrystemasse offe ages lonnge fled,
 Ande drynke toe ye Chrystemasse whose smyle wee nowe see,
 Surroundede wythe hollye hys jollye olde heade,
 Kyssynnge ye maydes bye ye mysselltoe tree.

Wee'lle thynke offe ye Chrystemasse offe ages lonnge
 fled, &c.

Bydde faneye agaynne ye loste lanndescape restore,
Whenne ye countree spreade wyde toe ye snowe-rollynge
breeze,

Whenne ye wynterre laye wyte onne ye farre-stretchynge
moore,

Ande ye froste glyterred bryghte onne ye greate foreste
trees !

Ande ye Chrystemasse offe yore lookede across ye expannse,
From ye huge Castelle rose o'er ye yee-coverede Leene,
Whyle free flowede ye wassayle, ye sonnge, ande ye
dannse,

Ande echoede ye musyc nowe mute as ye seenne.

Ande ye Chrystemasse offe yore lookede acrossse ye ex-
pannse, &c.

Ande nowe as wee thynke offe ye past, wee recalle
Ye frendes onnce atte Chrystemasse satte wythe us ande
smylede,

Who never agaynne ynne ye yvye-crownede halie,
Ye banquette shalle shiare wyche theyr presennce
beguyllede ;

Lette us drynke to ye deade, evere sweete bee theyr reste !
Maye owr ploddge, lyke a blessynnge, falle bryglite onne
theyr gloome,

Ande forgette-mee-nottes flowerre o'er ye turfe onne theyr
breaste,

As ye dewes offe remembrannce descende onne their
tombe.

Wee'lle drynke toe ye deade, evere sweete bee theyr
reste, &c.

Ande shalle wee notte gyve nowe a ththoughte toe ye
soules,

Ye exyles who turne from ye endes offe ye earthe—

Ande o'er ye vaste oceanne betweene us nowe rolles,

Theyr remembrannces sende toe ye place offe theyr
byrthe?

Oh yes! wee wyll pleddge theme wythe feelyng soe
deepe,

Ytte's fervoure shalle flashe o'er ye foam-coverede bryne,

Ande backe from theyr spyryte lyke lyghtnnyng shalle
leape, —

Starre flashes toe starre o'er theyr space-severede shryne.

Oh yes! wee wylle pleddge theme wythe feelynge soe
deepe, &c.

Ande nowe as yee sytte there wythe comferte surroundedede,

Atte thys seasonne offe kyndnesse bee kynde toe ye poore,

Who onnce, lyke yoursellves, perhaps, ynne plennye
abounndede,

Butte, berreavede bye mysfortunne, canne boaste ytte noe
more;

Forre ye kyndnesse offe manne ys ye pytye offe heavenne,

Bye nature appoyntedde ye helplesse toe save,

Ande freelye atte Chrystemasse yttes ayde shoulde bee
gyvene,

Bye alle who belyeve ynne whate Chrystemasse fyrste
gave.

Forre ye kyndeness offe manne ys ye pytye offe
heavenne, &c.

Ande nowe wee'lle bee happye, as happy as funne,
 Forre cheerfulle olde Chrystemasse delyghtes butte ynne
 glee,

Alle heartes shoulde expande nows lyke grapes ynne ye
 sunne,

Ynne ye lyghte offe ye seasonne arounde us wee see ;
 Ande bee merrye, ande jollye, and happye, ande wyse,
 Olde hatredes forgette, ande olde frendeshypes renewe,
 Forre ye nonce laugh awaye everye care toe ye skyes,
 Ande Chrystemasse enjoye as ye past usede toe doe.

Wee'lle bee merrye, ande jollye, ande happye, ande
 wyse, &c.



WHAT HAPPY HOME IS BRIGHTENED BY THY SMILE ?

WHAT happy home is brightened by thy smile ?

I ask, while gazing towards the darkening west,
 Across the plain that spreads for many a mile,
 To the dim hills where lies thy place of rest !

For there I know this night thou art a guest,
 Whilst here I stand upon this forlorn height,
 Breathing to heaven the sighs of grief's unrest,

Whose answer darkens round me like its night ;
 For, from my last hope of hope doth fortune call,

And though heaven lift me to its loftiest sphere,
My life in one eternal tear will fall,
Mourning the love that should have blest me here ;
And through eternity my soul will roam,
Finding no rest, as here I find no home !



THE WIND.

IN IMITATION OF SHELLEY.

I BLOW through bowers across whose flowers
The silent sunshine gleams,
Up the forest glade, when the green leaves fade,
To fall on the scented streams ;
The light of morn on my tides is borne,
As round the earth they run,
I sing round the nest where the eaglets rest,
As the eagle soars to the sun ;
I swell with gales the ship's woofed sails,
And sever the seas asunder,
The cavern clouds, where the lightning shrouds,
Dissolve in my grasp in thunder.

All night I roar over mountains hoar,
Where the avalanche shrinks aghast,
And trembles and shivers, as his huge bulk quivers
Beneath the breath of my blast ;

Sublime and alone, on my Alpine throne
I recline my shadowy form,
While hoarsely below the red lavas glow
Of the tombed earth-shaking storm.

Over the deep, with a lightning leap,
I rush to the isles that be,
Set like gems on coral stems
In the caves of the crystal sea.
Over orange groves, where the firefly roves,
My zephyrs softly sing,
Over the nooks, and the dells, and the brooks
By whose margin the palm trees spring;
Then away I rush, like a fountain's gush,
Round the world my aromas to fling.

The iris-dyes of the autumn skies,
With crimson and gold bespread,
Opal my breast, as day down the west
Descends to its concave bed.
Often I roam where the emerald foam
Girdles the cataract's rock,
And rainbows spread round the river's head,
From the spray of its thunder-shock.
Over shining seas, my fragrant breeze,
Like sighs of beauty sweep,
While pleasure falls from the shining halls
Of the smoothened azure steep;
Then I rest on the billow, the ocean my pillow,
More calm than a dreamless sleep.

The sisters of night, with their paly light,
 Smile upon me as they pass,
The farthest rays of their swooning blaze,
 On my purple mirror I glass ;
And I ask of the sky, as they're whirling by,
 Like a shower of sparkling snow,
Whence comes the reeling, and where goes the wheeling
 Of those fires of fadeless glow ?
Let a spark from the light of the star-peaked height,
 Fall to inform me now ;
Then solemn and slow sighs the answer low
 Of the musical choirs who swim
Round the mingling spheres, and to mortal ears
 I echo in whispers their hymn.

The moon has long shone on the blue sea alone,
 Which hangs o'er the lunar sky,
The solid earth shakes, and all nature quakes,
 As forth my tornadoes fly.
From clime to clime, to the ruins of time,
 I float over every sea,
Through the dome of day, where the sunbeams play,
 And sparkle like stars on me.
Day would not dawn on the dew-moist lawn
 If 'twere not for my shine,
And every word upon earth is heard,
 Every song, every sound, is mine :
Without me man would roam in a soundless home.
 And in silence and darkness repine.

I am the slave of the fire and the wave,
And the servant of the sun :
I glide through the tide, in earth's centre I hide,
By me all the clouds are spun ;
And when the hail falls from its icy halls,
Like a cataract of pearls on the plains,
'Tis I strike the cloud, and 'tis I laugh aloud,
As I scatter its tears on the grains.
In my giant grasp the great globe I clasp,
My forehead touches the skies,
I draw life from the wave, I raise life from the grave,
When I leave the world it dies !



LIBERTY.

BRIGHT on the reflex of the eternal wind
Is Freedom in the sphere of order shrined ;
Free blow the winds across earth's fragrant sod,
Free roll the suns around the throne of God !
Not trembling slaves did heaven mankind create,
We boast a fairer, but a nobler fate !
Based on the freedom of our nature given,
Which grants to earth the liberty of heaven !
Free as His own, God formed the human mind,
As free as light and air. thought, speech, designed !

How comes it, then, in every age we see
Man chaining e'er what God created free ?
Martyring the heart by heaven left free to sing,
Murdering the life by God left free to spring,
Narrowing all nature to the idealess mind
Would build up iron walls round all mankind ?
Eclipse the morning ! go ! control the breeze !
Arrest the rivers, and coerce the seas !
Quench with a breath the fire of Hecla's hill !
Or make the earthquake with a word be still !
Arrest Niagara as 'tis downwards hurled,
Or stop the motion of the rolling world !
When these man's weakness does, why then he can
Crush the free heart, free life of free-born man !
Men strong as knowledge rise on every shore,
To rend the chains their brainless fathers wore,
And, crushed beneath the advancing march of mind,
Shall fall for aye the oppressions of mankind !
Yes ! when weak reeds the wild tornadoes stay,
When ocean-weeds its Atlantic's heavings sway,
Shall, Ignorance with its slave-hordes, control
The God-strong rush of Reason's dare-all soul !
Oh ! that we should, in earth's enlightened time,
Fight the mad errors of the barbarous time !
Oh ! that a Cossack-Czar, with corporal's soul,
Should Europe's genius, Freedom, e'er control !
Oh ! break the sword, God ! would all progress bar !
Oh ! show the mighty, God ! how weak they are !
Oh ! make this earth like Thy blest heaven above,
Whose law is freedom, and whose life is love !

Strike down the tyrant, and redeem the slave,
Give us a life indeed ! or else a grave !
A grave wherein love may a refuge find,
To rest the hearts that men to madness bind !
We turn abhorrent from the chaff of words
Not so instructive as the chat of birds,
And ask of heaven great teachers, wise and free,
To thunder truth's sublime divinity !
And seek a creed of comprehensive bounds,
Grand as the immensity the sun surrounds,
In whose majestic heaven-delighting plan --
Shall nobly move the full-grown soul of man !
Whose charity, like heaven, shall earth embrace,
And bless each unit while it suns the race !
Yes ! down to hell all ignorance shall be hurled,
And Love kiss Truth upon God's hateless world !

LINCOLN.

FAIR Lincoln stands upon a steep,
Arising o'er a mighty plain,
Which spreads away with spacious sweep,
In fields of grass and golden grain,
Unto the semicircular chain,
Of low blue hills afar that lie,
Like islands melting in the main,
Or clouds dissolving in the sky.

The grey Cathedral towering vast,
Above the city sits sublime,
Like the Great Statue of the past,
Arising o'er the present time,
Whose little mansions round it climb,
Like crags about some mountain cling,
That proudly rose above their prime,
As stately o'er their wreck to spring.

The hoary Castle's gothic wall,
Its antique towers, and turrets grey,
How vividly they back recall
The memories of the ancient day !
The Roman, Norman's mailed array,
Whose flags once floated on the blast,
Where stands the Saxon to survey,
The giant ruin of the past !

Grand is the landscape greets the eye,
From yonder steep majestic mound,
A vast expanse of earth and sky
Spreads far on every side around,
The dim hills which the distance bound,
Like nature's arms embrace the scene
Of low and lofty open ground,
Along which dark woods intervene.

And when the rays of autumn's even
Are burning in the brightening west,
And the great golden gates of heaven
Blaze gloriously o'er nature's breast,

'Tis sweet upon this height to rest,
To watch yon far hills—purpling shine,
And feel the hues their sides invest
Illumine the soul with hope divine !

CANZONET.

HEAVEN is glancing bright, love !
From all its brilliant eyes,
But oh their day is night, love !
To that awakes my sighs !

Thy wavy tresses flowing
Around that radiant brow,
Send through my veins the glowing
Of more than rapture now !

Oh ! gentle gracious maiden !
Oh ! dainty damask cheek !
Oh ! star of love ! arrayed in
The smile no sigh can speak !

Rise ! fairest of earth's daughters !
And charm my soul with bliss !
For all by wisdom taught us
Is not worth beauty's kiss !

SONNET,

TO TWO ESTRANGED FRIENDS.

FRIENDS estranged ! should rash words sever
Hearts once kindly beat as one ;
Shall the tempest frown for ever,
To eclipse the smiling sun ?
Pleasant once your every meeting,
Now each meeting gives but pain ;
Make the next the happier greeting,
Shall give each a friend again ;
Half a smile would wake another,
Half a nod all pride would bend,
Brother reconcile to brother,
And a calm the storm would end !
The sunshine of the heart would bless the scene,
And all again look lovely and serene !



THE WINTER IS FLED.

THE winter is fled, and the waters are flushing
Beneath the first beautiful glances of spring,
And vernal the fields in their brightness are blushing,
Where the lark is arising his carol to sing.

The flowers the valleys and hills are adorning,
The blossoms blow sweetly in garden and grove,
Responding, like sighs, to the smiles of the morning,
The bosom of nature awakens to love!

Then smile on the heart that would fain, love! behold thee,
Arise like the spring on the winter to shine!
Then come to the arms that would fain, love! enfold thee.
As the leaves of the lily its blossom enshrine,
For dark as the waste by no sun ever lighted,
So dreary's the breast by no smile ever cheered,
And blest as the land to the spring reunited,
So happy the life by affection endeared!

WHEN THIS FORM IS WRAPPED IN CLAY

WHEN this form is wrapped in clay,
To my tomb a ~~dead~~ lay;
Stand alone upon the grave
Of the heart thou could'st not save.
O'er it, love! to breathe a prayer,
Let me feel my angel near!

Like a strain of music dying,
Sighing through the sightless air
Through the bosom lowly lying

Shall its utterance echo there ;
O'er my tomb, love ! breathe a prayer,
Let me feel my angel near !



QUARTETTE.

As Hope's fairest iris to the storm is given,
With glorious light its clouds to overspan,
So poetry comes, bringing down from heaven
The smile of God to light the tears of man !

ERRATA.

- Page 143, line 16—For *subtract space* read *substract its space*.
Page 150, line 21—For *gathering dew* read *gathering joy*.
Page 179, line 5—For *mein* read *mien*.
Page 184, line 5—For *blinding* read *blending*.
Page 193, line 12—For *upon* read *about*.
Page 200, line 9—For *you* read *yon*.
Page 207, line 6—For *oh earth!* read *oh mind!*
Page 223, line 15—For *mercy-flower* read *mercy-flow*.
Page 224, line 16—For *kate* read *Ilate*.
Page 232, line 4—For *nows* read *nowe*.
Page 236, line 13—For *wind* read *mind*.
Page 236, line 18—For *a fairer, but a nobler fate*, read *a fairer lot, a nobler fate*.

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